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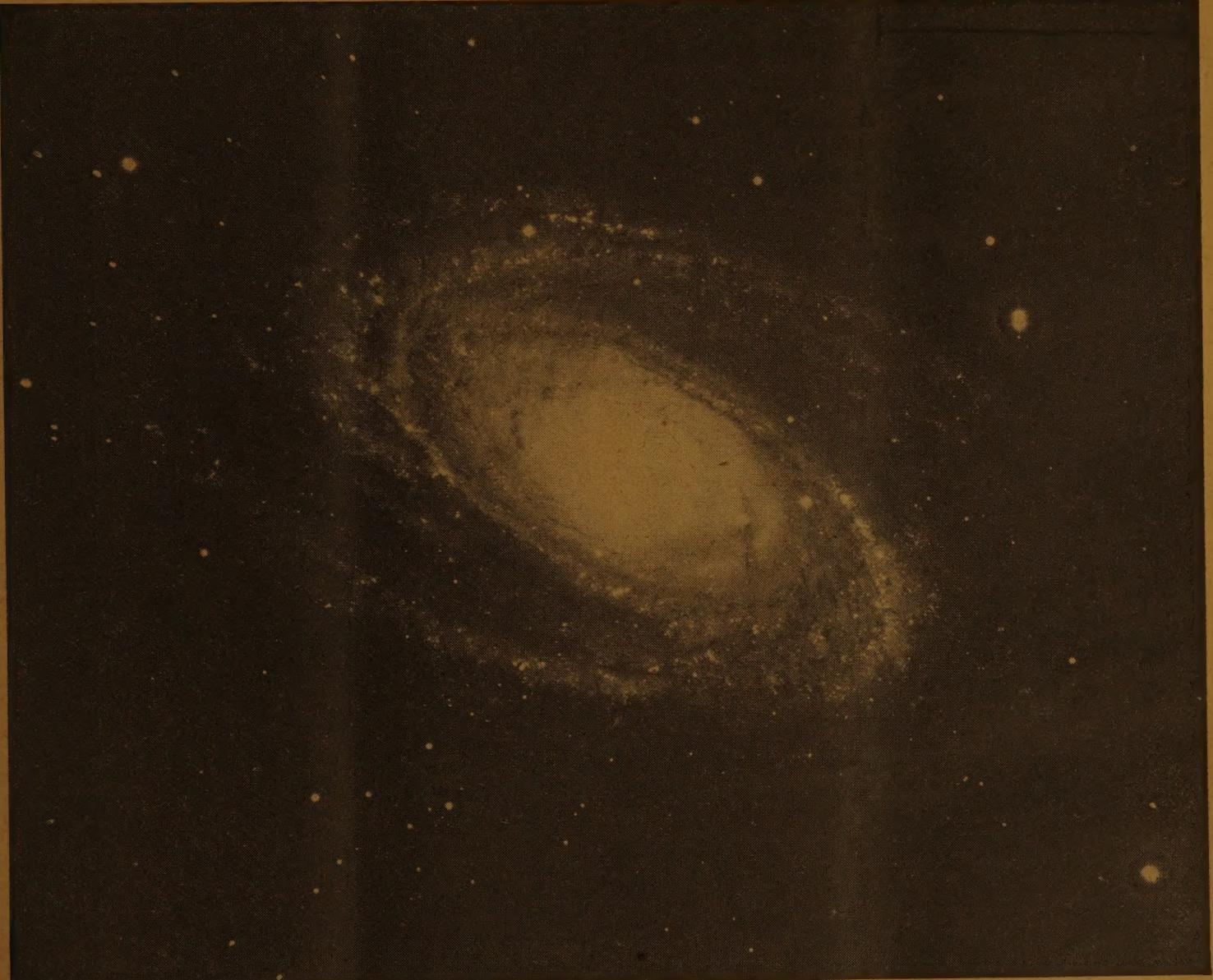
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Spiral Galaxy in Ursa Major. Patrick Moore's talk from 'The Sky at Night' is on page 214

A New Decade for Defence

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Surrealism, Love, and De Sade

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Scholars, Aristocrats, and Italian Art

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India and Portugal in Court

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By Sewell Stokes

'St. George and the Dragon'

By Sir Philip Hendy



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The Listener

Vol. LXIII. No. 1610

Thursday February 4 1960

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A New Decade for Defence

By Marshal of the Royal Air Force SIR JOHN SLESSOR

THIS is the time of year when in Whitehall and Storey's Gate a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Defence White Papers. So it seems an appropriate moment to express some hopes about the directions in which Mr. Watkinson's thoughts may be turning—whether or not he intends this year to present Parliament with another of what has become a regular annual series of memoranda on military policy.

In the old days between the wars the Chiefs of Staff used to produce what was known as the Annual Review of Imperial Defence—a sort of yearly stock-taking and summary of our worldwide military position. Mr. Watkinson might do worse than reintroduce that system. The standing and prestige of the Chiefs of Staff have undoubtedly diminished since the introduction in 1955 of an independent chairman*. That decision made a change in the system which was set up as a result of the Salisbury Commission of 1923—a system which, in my view, served us as well as any system could have, through the most testing time in our history. The change was made far too hastily and without the careful consideration it deserved. I thought (and incidentally said) at the time that it was not only unnecessary but undesirable, and would almost certainly have an effect opposite to that which was presumably intended—and I still think so.

It is too late now to put that clock back. But something badly needs doing to restore the status and—much more important—the proper functions of the professional heads of the three Services. By far their most important job still is, or should be, to tender collective military advice to the Minister of Defence and the Cabinet. The operative word there is 'collective'. At least once a year they should get together for as long as may be necessary, free from day to day detail and individual Service cares, to

hammer out agreed, comprehensive recommendations on global strategic policy for submission to the Cabinet. That is the proper basis for a Defence White Paper.

It is no good saying it cannot be done—it can be done and has been done. The best thing Mr. Watkinson could do now would be to give Lord Mountbatten and the three Chiefs of Staff a month in which to get together by themselves—consulting senior officials of the Foreign Office and other government departments as necessary—and produce an agreed professional review of British strategic policy. If they do that, their combined advice cannot fail to carry great weight with the Cabinet; if they do not, they must not complain if ministerial decisions which they consider unsound are taken over their heads.

I am glad to hear that Mr. Watkinson—if he is correctly reported—intends to have nothing to do with the suggestion, dear to the hearts of some ardent reformers, to amalgamate all three services into one sort of triphibious horse-marines. But he will find that without going to those absurd lengths there is a good deal that would be well worth doing in the direction of closer integration of the three Services. He should certainly check what to my mind is a rather alarming tendency in the opposite direction.

Here are a few questions which the Minister might ask himself, on the principle of what is known in Service jargon as 'common user'. Does it really make sense for the R.A.F. to have its own private army in the shape of the R.A.F. Regiment? Could not much more be done in the way of pooling shore-based training and maintenance establishments for the R.A.F. and Fleet Air Arm, as originally intended under what was known as the Inskip award in 1937, when the control of naval aviation was passed to the Admiralty? And what has happened since 1945

* This post has been held since last July by Lord Mountbatten

to justify the creation of an Army Air Corps of all things, with its inevitable duplications? In this context the Minister should beware of what I call the 'black art complex'. He will probably be told that these are jobs which can only be done by specialist officers steeped in their own service tradition, and all that sort of thing. I advise him not to believe it; there is seldom any black art about these things.

Incidentally, it makes no sense to say, as I have heard it said, that the Air Ministry cannot be expected to give up part of its vote to providing aircraft and crews to serve the Army. That is one of the things that the Minister of Defence is there for. Having considered the views of the Chiefs of Staff, it is for him to advise the Cabinet on the sometimes conflicting requirements of the three Services, so that they can apportion the available resources accordingly.

When Interests Conflict

I hope that when there is a conflict of interests the existence of the new Chief of the Defence Staff will not be used to deny the individual Service chiefs their right of representing their views to the Cabinet. A Chief of Staff will always carry out loyally a decision of the Cabinet, even if it is one which is not very popular in his own Service. But morale is important in peace as well as in war. And it is no reflection on Sir William Dickson or Lord Mountbatten—indeed I feel sure they would agree—to say that officers of the Service affected will have more confidence in the decision if they know that their own professional chief has been able to put his case direct to the Cabinet—which, of course, is the ultimate authority in all defence matters.

These, though important, are matters mainly of organization. Now for one or two questions of policy: first, disarmament. Everyone in his senses wants disarmament, and we should persevere in our efforts to get the Russians to accept the measures of control and inspection without which it would be a perilous farce. But I hope Mr. Watkinson will constantly remind his colleagues in the Cabinet that disarmament can safely be only one leg of a policy of which the other must be political solution of the problems that divide the world. Reduction of armaments must proceed step by step with, and not in advance of, political agreement or compromise. And nuclear disarmament should be the last stage in the process. To throw away the nuclear deterrent in advance of controlled conventional disarmament and without genuine political *détente* should be unthinkable. There are two points about it to which I would like to draw special attention, apart from the Russian danger, which has certainly not been eliminated under Mr. Khrushchev's latest military programme.

First, it would certainly give some reality to the fears that still exist of a revival of German militarism. I am optimist enough to believe that with the passage of time that risk will become negligible. I do not believe it is negligible yet, nor—I think—do many people in England. The Russians certainly, and I think genuinely, do not believe so—remember they suffered more terribly at the hands of the Germans last time than any of us. In spite of the welcome rapprochement between the two historic enemies, I doubt whether most Frenchmen really believe so. Apart from the recent neo-nazi and anti-semitic outrages in Germany, which may be no more than the work of a small if dangerous lunatic fringe, no one can yet be certain that the spirit of aggressive nationalism in that country could never, in any circumstances, come to the fore again.

Impracticable Elimination of Nuclear Weapons

As long as the nuclear weapon remains in being, I do not believe that Germany can ever be a military menace to her neighbours again. That may well be one explanation of the recent change in Russian strategic policy, and their priority for conventional before nuclear disarmament. But if nuclear weapons really were eliminated, the case might be very different. I regard that as wholly impracticable in the now foreseeable future. But if I did not think so, I should be the last to advocate—as I frequently have—a policy of so-called 'disengagement', with its ultimate corollary of a unified neutral Germany, at least until the whole international climate has changed, we have real political

détente, and the bogey of militant nazism has become only a hideous nightmare of the past—as I believe in due course it will.

The second point is this: let us look beyond Europe and remember that behind the mists of Asia there looms the colossal enigma of Communist China. Does anyone really believe that there can be any effective system of inspection and control of nuclear disarmament without the loyal co-operation of China, or that there is the smallest prospect of China extending that co-operation, especially as long as she is kept out of the United Nations? Surely Mr. Khrushchev, who in his heart of hearts is afraid of the awakening colossus on his eastern flank (and so should I be if I were in his place), must have had his tongue in his cheek when he made his famous proposal last September that, in the next four years, we should all completely disarm and, as he put it, 'no longer have any means of waging war'.

There is little evidence in recent history to support a view that Peking would be prepared to forgo the means of waging war: to be fair, that is hardly surprising, in view of what China has had to put up with from Russia and from some of the Western Powers—including ourselves—in the past hundred years or so.

Now, for a moment, let us consider Bomber Command, the British share in the Allied nuclear striking force which is the spearhead of the deterrent policy. A great deal of nonsense has been talked about that. It has been called 'a pistol pointed at the head of Washington', or a 'trigger' to touch off the American Strategic Air Command—the implication being that it would be against the will of the United States. These absurdities obscure the real case for having a nuclear striking force based this side of the Atlantic and not under the exclusive control of the United States Government, which is this:

Miscalculation the Real Danger

I do not for a moment believe that the Americans would in fact default on their treaty obligations in a crisis, leaving their Nato partners in the lurch. But it is not what the Americans really would do in these circumstances that matters as much as what the Kremlin might believe they would do—or not do. Miscalculation is the only real danger. Even a relatively small nuclear retaliatory force not under exclusively American control could inflict damage on Russia which, while perhaps not decisive, would yet be so crippling that—even if they had knocked us out, as they well might—they could not face the possibility of having subsequently to stand up to the might of an unscathed America. That rules out the Hitler technique of destroying one's enemies piecemeal, one after the other. It means that an aggressor would have to steel himself from the start to taking on the whole hog or nothing—and there is no doubt in my mind that the answer would be nothing.

But that in itself does not mean that Bomber Command must remain a purely national British force. A major source of disunion within Nato is the fact that the ultimate sanction—the retaliatory striking forces on whose action in the last resort Nato strategic policy is based—is not under the control of Nato. We may think it unreasonable and uneconomical for the French (and there will be others) to try to build up their own nuclear deterrent. But surely it is understandable. If the worst came to the worst, if the deterrent were to fail, if the Shield forces in Europe were unable to enforce the pause and convince the aggressor that negotiation is preferable to all-out war—then these people on the Continent of Europe would be up to the neck in an appalling thermo-nuclear holocaust. Yet at present they would have no say in whether the button was pressed or not, and not even any call, as a matter of treaty right, on the nuclear striking forces of Britain and America to support them.

This is largely a psychological matter, and I suggest that Mr. Watkinson might consider carefully whether the advantages of offering Bomber Command as a contribution to a Nato deterrent force at the disposal of the Atlantic Council might not outweigh the admitted disadvantages and difficulties from our own point of view, without involving any real dangers. It would not mean that we should lose all control of Bomber Command, any more than we have of B.A.O.R. Would that not do much to restore Allied unity, and check the tendency towards the build up of a lot of uneconomic and necessarily inefficient little national

atomic striking forces in Europe? I am inclined to think it would.

In passing, I hope we shall soon take the essential first step towards creating an effective air defence of the Nato area by integrating Fighter Command in Nato. We should not use French obstruction as a reason for further delay in a matter which has already been under consideration far too long.

I would like to say one word about the Army. No doubt Mr. Watkinson has studied the recent report by the Army League called *The British Army in the Nuclear Age*. It is excellent, but I can refer here to only two points in it. First, it utters a warning—in my view rightly—against over-reliance on tactical atomic weapons. More than once in recent years I have said that the Army should be careful not to modernize itself out of a job, so to speak—not become so reliant upon atomics and all the other expensive and cumbrous modernities that it is fitted neither by equipment, organization, nor training for the real tasks which will face it.

It seems to me that this question of so-called tactical atomic weapons is one on which some really clear and fundamental thinking by the Chiefs of Staff is called for. What is a tactical atomic weapon? For instance, is a missile with a range of 200 or 600 miles a tactical weapon? Do atomic weapons really lend such relative advantage to the defence as to enable numerically inferior forces to hold much larger forces also armed with the same weapons? Personally I doubt it. Are these weapons really essential for the role of the Shield forces in Europe? Or is this sort of question irrelevant—have things gone too far? Is it as unreasonable to expect the armies of the nineteen-sixties to have nothing but con-

ventional weapons as it would be to ask them to revert to muzzle-loaders? If so, should we not be differentiating, not between atomic and conventional weapons but in terms of range and yield—the real tactical weapons, atomic as well as conventional artillery and bazookas and so on, on the one hand, and, on the other, the longer range nuclear and thermo-nuclear weapons, more accurately described as strategic? I obviously cannot attempt to answer any of these questions here. But they do seem to me to need answering, and I suspect that more people than I are not really clear about what the answers should be.

Secondly, the report emphasizes the need for adequate air transport of troops in emergency. That is already understood, and Transport Command is being considerably expanded. But the Army can never rely solely on military air transport, any more than it could on regular troopships in the past. And that means that Mr. Watkinson and Mr. Sandys between them must give every encouragement to the build-up of a real Air Merchant Marine. Even if not on a wholly economic commercial basis, that would be a great advantage to this country in normal times, as well as helping to give the Army its indispensable mobility in an emergency.

Finally, I shall no doubt be told that all this will be very expensive. Of course it will. But is it seriously contended that in this era of unexampled prosperity this great country cannot afford to be strong? Actually the one thing we really cannot afford is to be weak. If there is still anyone who has not learnt that lesson from the history of the past twenty-five years, then he needs his head attending to.—*Third Programme*

General de Gaulle and the French Army

By DAVID THOMSON

WHAT has set the French Army—that is to say the regular soldiers, not the national servicemen—to some extent apart from the French nation as a whole? The first reason is that it is not only in Algeria that it has had to fight a long, wearisome, and inconclusive war since 1945. Before that—for some seven years before the Algerian war began—it fought an even longer and no less exacting war in Indo-China. It fought there bravely and tenaciously but in the end it lost—at the hands of Asian forces—and France lost her main Far Eastern colonies. The regular soldiers—especially the professional officer-class—tend to blame the politicians for committing them to hopeless engagements and humiliating them. Meanwhile there was Suez—again the soldiers felt that the politicians threw away what they had gained. The army came to feel it was being used, recklessly and inconsiderately, by civilian governments in exploits which they bungled.

Again, this war in Indo-China had the effect of cementing the unity of the army itself. The expeditionary forces there consisted entirely of regulars; they fought this long, tough war in a far-away country of which France seemed to care little. They became a 'band of brothers', and the paratroops, especially—the well-trained, highly selective and disciplined shock-troops—gained a sense of being self-contained, separate, a real élite. Their hero, Massu, took part in fighting in Indo-China and Suez and North Africa.

This experience not only brought new unity and cohesion to the army; it isolated it from the nation and intensified a feeling of alienation from the state: it came to distrust and hate the civilian politicians. Then—transported to Algeria where the paratroopers were asked to undertake tasks they had not been trained for, such as policing a civilian population and hunting down terrorists who hid away in towns—this feeling of alienation intensified. Some got caught up in the extremist right-wing politics of the Algerian French *colons*, who were convinced that the civilian governments might come to terms with the Algerian nationalist rebels and sell out in Algeria too. This feeling led to the crisis of May 13, 1958, and the threat of civil war. It was avoided because, in

General de Gaulle, there was a figure that the army could trust, they felt, to look after their interests in Paris and not sell out in Algeria.

But then—last September—President de Gaulle's proposals for the future of Algeria did include the possibility of eventual independence. This aroused the fury of the settlers and worried the army leaders infected with the attitude of the *colons*. Having so effectively, once, overturned a government and even a republic, it is tempting to try again if one gets desperate enough.

But I do not think the army view now—at least its general view—is at all the same as in May 1958. It seems to me less committed, certainly less closely identified with the extremist views of the *colons*. De Gaulle's policy of keeping the army apart from politics has had some effect. It is not easy to see how, this time, a change of the régime could be brought about without a much greater risk of touching off civil war, and I do not think the army wants that. Therefore, so far, it has kept aloof: it has left the active agitation to the political extremists themselves, and shown great reluctance to take part in the business, on government orders.

In the collapse of the insurgents it was the loyalty of the army to General de Gaulle that was decisive. Their obedience to his orders turned the barricades into a prison, and left the rebels behind them with no option but surrender. There are two important features of the whole affair. On one hand the army was spared the ordeal of firing on Frenchmen and has won new esteem from the nation for its discipline and loyalty. It has learned the dangers of getting too closely connected with the extremist politics of the settlers. All this is to the good, for it may diminish its sense of alienation. On the other hand the army still has a leading part to play in the future of Algeria. It has to fight on until it defeats the Algerian nationalist rebels. It has to complete the process of 'pacification' that must, De Gaulle has vowed, precede any final settlement of Algeria's future. The crucial question remains whether army discipline and effectiveness will measure up to these tasks.

—Based on a talk in 'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

India and Portugal in Court

By LOUIS BLOM-COOPER

THE problems of colonialism have been largely domestic ones for the imperial powers, but concern for the dependent territories has often been international. The United Nations Charter itself has among its purposes the encouragement and promotion of human rights in dependent territories and the unloosening of their imperial bonds, leading ultimately to self-government. For all its concern for subject peoples, the United Nations, through its judicial instrument the International Court of Justice applying the rules of international law, has done little towards solving the problems of the manifold colonial territories.

But the presence of a colony surrounded by the territory of a foreign sovereign has now led to the complex issues of international law being raised in a neat form. The Portuguese colonial empire in India has provided the unique legal contest before the International Court of Justice at The Hague.

On the west coast of India the Portuguese for two centuries now have had their colonial possessions. The best known Portuguese colony in India is Goa, which lies on the Arabian Sea to the south of Bombay. The Goans are a highly literate prosperous people who have contributed much to Indian life and have themselves actively promoted the movement of freedom from Portuguese rule. But the current legal battle before The Hague Court concerns not Goa but two land-locked enclaves to the north of Bombay.

On the coast lies the Portuguese colony of Daman. Inland, less than a dozen miles away, are two territories (themselves narrowly separated by Indian territory) called Dadra and Nagar Aveli. They are pieces of land (only about 200 square miles in all) of no particular value, except to their population of 40,000 almost exclusively primitive tribes of Hindus. It is a heavily forested area that can be reached only by road and rail. Neither Portugal nor India has any compelling economic urge for respectively keeping or acquiring the two enclaves.

But they both feel their respective national pride is at stake. The Portuguese administrators were extruded summarily from the territories in 1954 by the local population. Ever since then they have sought to reassert their claims to sovereignty over the territories. More particularly (and this is the essence of their legal claim) the Portuguese say they have a right of passage over Indian territory to get back into the enclave territories. India, for her part, has studiously and with absolute propriety refrained from taking any steps to bring the now independent enclaves under her wing, even though the local inhabitants have, with a touching expression of loyalty towards India, asked for protection and inclusion in the Indian Union. It is true that India has tried in recent years to persuade Portugal through diplomatic channels to grant these colonial territories their independence. The French, for example, between 1950 and 1954 acceded to a similar request with regard to their colonial possessions, such as Pondicherry. All the French territories were then merged into the Indian Union; but the Portuguese for their part have clung tenaciously to their small Indian colonial empire.

When the uprising took place in the two enclaves in 1954 India persisted in her policy of non-intervention. But at the same

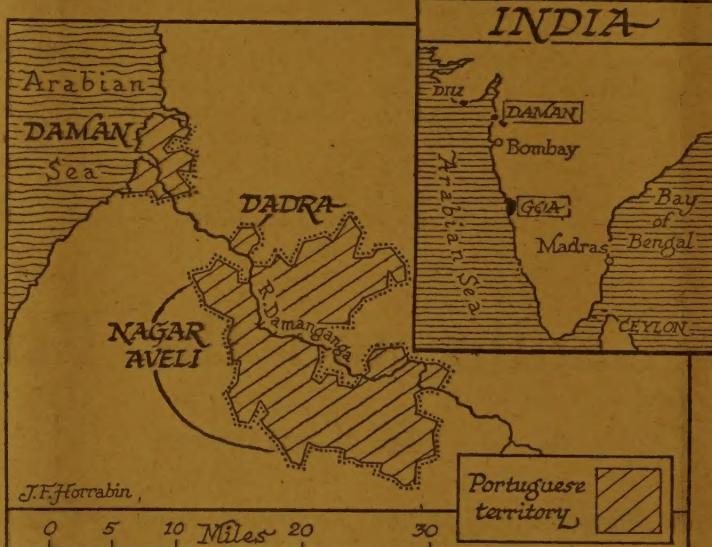
time she expressed her unwillingness to allow the Portuguese any right to cross Indian soil so as to re-establish her colonial rule. India maintained that she could not tolerate the Portuguese military expedition traversing Indian territory; and even though the Portuguese, during the legal proceedings before the International Court, disavowed any wish to send military forces across Indian soil, the Indian Government was fearful lest an admission of any right of passage necessarily involved an impingement upon Indian sovereignty.

Portugal's claim, reduced to a bald proposition, is that she has a right of passage from Daman to Dadra and Nagar Aveli in order to ensure communications between the territories and transit of personnel and goods. And, she says, India must respect that right by allowing it to be freely exercised. The basis for that claim is Portuguese sovereignty in the territories, certainly until 1954. India disclaims any notion of Portuguese sovereignty in the territories. But, even if there ever had been sovereignty, India argues that it was destroyed by the popular revolt in 1954. To which the Portuguese retort that sovereignty was not destroyed because the insurrection was inspired by foreign elements, i.e., Indian troops.

These, then, were the legal issues, certainly novel ones for the International Court. The Court's judgment, moreover, which is due in a few weeks' time, is keenly awaited not merely for the bare result, important as it is to the two states involved; but the rules of international law involved in the case have a significance which reach far beyond this little corner of Asia.

In domestic law, if I am granted ownership over a piece of land there is an implication that whoever granted me that ownership also gives me, where necessary, the right to cross other lands in order to enjoy the fruits of my own land. To deny me access to my own land is to derogate from the grant of ownership. My ownership would, in fact, be useless because I cannot exercise the *rights* of ownership. By analogy, the rules should be identical in international law. If a state has sovereignty over some land, there is the ancillary right to go upon another state's territory in order to gain access to the land. But the analogy cannot be pressed too far. Is a state entitled to send its troops across another state's territory? Would not that be an infringement of the sovereignty of the state whose territory is being crossed? If so, would the crossing of personnel, such as policemen or even government officials whose presence might lead to violence because of the nature of their mission, also be an infringement of sovereignty? Or at least could these people be lawfully prevented from crossing foreign soil? In other words, if there is a right of passage is it not a restricted right of passage, and has not the country whose territory is being crossed the right to prevent certain types of personnel from crossing its territory?

It might mean that international law does not admit the right of any state to passage over foreign soil, even if the denial of the right would nullify that state's sovereignty in a colonial territory. If the right of passage is admitted to a colonial power, in the circumstances of these Portuguese possessions, international law may have to define those acts, in exercise of the right, which are and are not permissible. There are no precedents for such a



solution so that the Portugal-India decision may prove of great importance.

But the Court may side-step this important issue. India has hotly contested that the Portuguese ever had sovereignty over the two enclaves. If that is so there can hardly be a right of passage. The claim and counter-claim revolve round a series of treaties known as the Maratha decrees. In 1779 the first treaty was made between the Portuguese and the Maratha ruler. The text of these treaties is at best obscure. The Portuguese claim that by the treaties they were granted sovereignty, and with it the faculty of transit for persons and goods including armed forces or other upholders of law and order. In any event, they say, by long standing custom and quite apart from the treaties everyone has acted in accordance with the existence of those rights. In this way, the right can be established.

This claim to custom involved an examination of the period of British rule in the territory which began with the annexation of the Maratha territories in 1818 and continued until independence in 1947. The Portuguese claim that the British acted consistently throughout with the recognition of Portuguese sovereignty in the area. The Indians deny this and assert that in the first place the Maratha decrees only gave Portugal certain revocable fiscal rights and that the right of passage through British-India was a concession from the British which they similarly could revoke at any time. These are matters which the Court will have to decide on an interpretation of the Maratha decrees and from documents relating to the whole period of British rule in the Maratha territories.

But once Portugal has established before the Court that she has had sovereignty in the territories at least until 1954 there must be some incidental right of passage into the territory. The question then posed (and it is the heart of the problem of colonialism) is what is the effect of the uprising of 1954 upon the rights of Portugal in her colonial territories. It is a question whether a colonial territory can acquire its independence other than by grant from the imperial power; or whether a sovereign state can lose its sovereignty over a colony otherwise than with its consent. A successful revolt followed by secession is a recognized method by which sovereignty can be lost and won. The difficulty is to state precisely at what stage in the revolt the loss of the territory to the imperial power is consummated. If, as in the case of Portugal, there is the desire to reassert sovereign power, a successful rebellion may have removed colonial rule for ever. But it might well be that only the passage of time, coupled with recognition of a new government by other states, can effectively remove the imperial power's sovereignty.

Two questions must be answered. First, what if the sovereign power was removed from the colony by a foreign power intervening in the insurrection? Second, even if no intervention took place at the time of the revolt, is a refusal of a right of passage subsequently, as in this case, itself an unlawful intervention in the domestic affairs of Portugal?

It is clear in international law that as a general rule intervention is forbidden but there are exceptions to the rule. Intervention here means dictatorial interference and not merely passing condemnatory resolutions in the United Nations on a country's policies. The lawfully established government may request for outside help. In 1826 Great Britain sent troops at the request of the Portuguese Government to quell a threatening revolt by the

followers of Don Miguel. And in 1849 Russia, at Austria's request, sent troops into Hungary to suppress a local revolt. The British and American landings in 1958 in Jordan and Lebanon respectively were made at the request of the lawfully established governments of those two countries. The reverse side of that coin is the inability of the local rebel forces to seek outside assistance even though this may on occasions be readily forthcoming. If indeed any outside state fermented or assisted in a rebellion taking place in a foreign country, clearly the sovereignty of the imperial power is not destroyed and can be reasserted under international law, even if in practice it may be impossible.

But supposing the Court finds that India was in no way responsible either by instigating or participating in the insurrection. India's refusal, after the successful insurrection, to allow the Portuguese to cross Indian territory might itself be taken as a support of the insurrection or at least an 'intervention' in the

domestic affairs of a foreign state. But perhaps the prime consideration is India's sovereignty. If so, this might justify her denial of the right of passage, even if this is at Portugal's expense. But this begs the question; because if Portugal has not lost sovereignty in the territories the right of passage, in some form at least, persists. The circular argument resolves itself into the thorny question whether India is right in committing an act (that is, the denial of a right of passage) which itself is instrumental in bringing about the destruction of sovereignty.

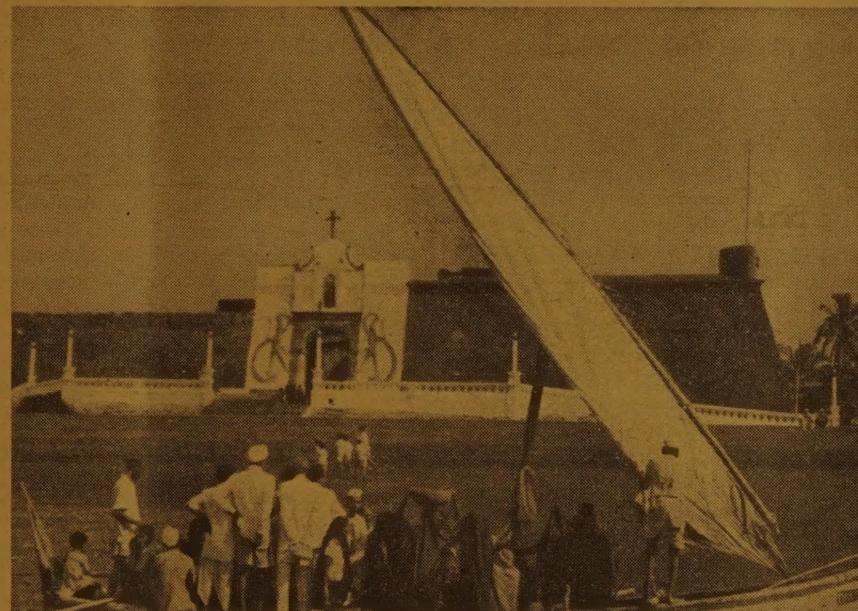
The solution to the problem may be that a

successful insurrection destroys sovereignty in the imperial power, subject to its ability to reassert its sovereignty. In this twilight period when the sovereignty has been lost and not yet recovered, no act of a third party can be a denial of the colonial power's sovereignty, because it does not exist. But equally no foreign power may annex or accept the territory in which the rebellion has been successful. Indeed, that fact has been recognized by India in so far as she has refused to take the enclaves into the Indian Union. If the Court were to hold that Portugal's sovereignty was removed by the insurrection of 1954 there would presumably be nothing to prevent a merger of the territories into the Indian Union.

While India has maintained throughout the years a self-denying ordinance towards the colonies, the hearing before the Court revealed her true motives. She wished by all lawful means to see Portugal removed from the continent. As the leading Counsel for the Indian Government, the Attorney-General (Mr. Setalvad), explained, the attitude of India towards Portuguese colonial rule is clear. The British, he said, 'understood and in a measure respected the urge for freedom. Portuguese colonialism . . . was marked, and is marked today, by authoritarianism and the ideology of the police state and has met the movement for freedom within Portuguese territory with stern and cruel repression'.

These are strong words, but they do reflect the feeling engendered by the issue of colonialism. It is one of the brighter aspects of the dispute that the two countries have been able to fight their battles in a judicial forum. If the action of Portugal is tainted by her inability to do otherwise than go to the Court, and India's moral standpoint weakened by her attempt to argue the Court's lack of jurisdiction, the fact is that the Court is handling a highly charged political dispute. The example may encourage more states to settle their disputes peacefully and—if necessary, ultimately—before the International Court of Justice.

—Third Programme



A view from the river of the seventeenth-century fortress of St. Jerome at Daman

The Listener



BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1960

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Pros and Cons of 'Ads'

WHETHER we like it or not we have got it, and we are likely to go on having it'. Thus Mr. Walter Taplin in a book which has just been published entitled *Advertising: a new approach**. Mr. Taplin was formerly the editor of one of our distinguished and irreverent contemporaries: now he bears the striking title of Research Fellow in Advertising and Promotional Activity at the London School of Economics. Whether or not his approach is new, his post is unique: and his attitude to his subject is, on the whole, approving. Not that he is unaware that the art of advertising has from time to time met with a certain amount of criticism. For example, in a recent number of THE LISTENER Mr. Furneaux Jordan, reviewing recent guidebooks, made some rather gratuitous and perhaps insufficiently considered remarks on advertising to the effect that 'a fool and his money are soon parted', and so on. It is not our habit to censor our contributors' opinions, but naturally those who practise the profession of advertising were offended when they got round to reading this. After all, like all people who take their own business seriously, advertisers are extremely sensitive men and women. If one has not met them in real life, one has surely seen them in films, struggling with that just word or gem-like phrase that makes all the difference between tasty copy and mere copy-tasting. They are well aware that their work is often maligned. Mr. Taplin quotes a sentence from a book on economics by Professor K. E. Boulding: 'There is a strong presumption that most competitive advertising is social waste'.

In Mr. Taplin, however, the profession has found a careful apologist. He brings his fire down on the critics of advertising from many different angles and levels. He reminds us, in a forth-right way, that the newspaper industry would be 'decimated' and 'whole industries collapse, and a general depression be set off' if there were no such things as advertisements. But Mr. Taplin is no mere pragmatist. He is not afraid of philosophical argument. 'The public discussion of advertising is shot through with moral arguments', he says, 'not to say shot to pieces by them . . . moral questions will keep breaking in . . .' But Mr. Taplin reminds us that the art of persuasion is an old and noble one; people like being persuaded: indeed they like paying to be persuaded. Also he emphasizes that the profession itself has its own code.

It might perhaps be said, on the other side, that in these days of consumers' councils and their like, which exist both in this country and in the United States of America, the claims put forward by advertisers are liable to be carefully scrutinized and can, if they are unjustified, to some extent be publicly exposed. Mr. Taplin is breezy about consumers' councils (it is difficult to locate them in his index) and rather critical of Mr. Priestley's 'Admass' and Professor Galbraith's *Affluent Society*. And he tells us, in effect, that if people like to pay more for their soaps or aspirins when they are presented to them with siren's songs, well, they get a good deal of pleasure out of it, don't they? But whichever way one looks at advertising, as he says, 'we have got it, and we are likely to go on having it'. And whatever the pros and cons may be, those of us who are journalists at least have reason to be grateful for it.

* Hutchinson, 25s.

What They Are Saying

Algeria and South Africa

RUSSIAN COMMENT on the crisis in Algeria has largely supported President de Gaulle and 'progressive public opinion in France', though blaming the former for not starting negotiations with the F.L.N. There has been a good deal of preoccupation with 'the colonialist-fascist danger in Algeria and in France itself'. Moscow radio in Arabic said that the only way to fight the danger was by opening talks to stop 'the dirty war', on conditions acceptable to both sides. The Soviet transmission went on:

The insurrection of the colonialist extremists clearly proves the validity of the Algerian Provisional Government's contention that it is not enough to declare the right of the Algerian people to self-determination; guarantees must be given that they shall be able to practise this right.

Moscow radio has referred from time to time to 'reactionary elements and plotters among the French generals', but in the Arabic broadcast just quoted it said:

This insurrection is supported neither by the Army nor by the majority of the European inhabitants, let alone the Algerian population; it is clear from the French press that it has almost no support in France either. The majority of the French people today support the right, proclaimed by General de Gaulle, of the Algerian people to determine their future themselves.

A Polish transmission, quoting the Paris correspondent of the newspaper *Zycie Warszawy*, said that 'vigilance and support for De Gaulle had been awakened, and this could be of great importance if the Algerian revolt should spread to Metropolitan France'.

A 'Voice of the Arabs' broadcast from Cairo bore, on the contrary, no trace of sympathy for President de Gaulle. It declared that the French authorities had just executed eight Algerian prisoners-of-war, and went on:

The new wave of terror, carried out by the government of De Gaulle against Algerian prisoners-of-war after a full of five months, indicates that De Gaulle wants to appease the rebel settlers, and to prove that he is no less colonialist and extremist in wishing to perpetuate the French domination of Algerians.

The 'Voice of the Arabs' continued:

All international laws respect the life and dignity of a prisoner and all belligerent nations, except colonial France, abide by these laws. This criminal wave must be halted. International organizations should intervene.

Moscow Radio in English for the United Kingdom had a very Marxist interpretation of Mr. Macmillan's visit to South Africa:

Why is it that the actions of the South African obscurantists are backed in certain quarters in Britain, and this at a time when the South African rulers, looking to the American monopoly concerns for patronage, make no secret of the fact that remaining in the Commonwealth irks them? Naturally, the prospect of losing their positions completely in a country as rich in industrial raw materials and manpower as South Africa is disturbing the British monopoly concerns more and more. The British Prime Minister's visit to see Dr. Verwoerd was undoubtedly prompted by the wish to appease the boisterous anti-British activities of the South African rulers.

Soviet broadcasts gave particulars of the economic and technical aid currently being given to underdeveloped countries. Bulldozers, made in Chelyabinsk, were on their way to the Aswan Dam project in Egypt; self-tipping twenty-five-ton lorries for the same project were being supplied by a factory in Zhodino. A Minsk vehicle-works was at present producing medium self-tipping lorries for the dam. Machine-tools to be used in the Aswan project were being manufactured in Minsk, Gomel, and Vitebsk. The working design of a 24,300-kilowatt generator for an Indian hydro-electric project (at Khrakud) had just been completed at a Leningrad plant. The generator was specially designed for working in humid, tropical conditions. Soviet M.14 helicopters (Dragonflies) were now operating in Austria, Italy, Switzerland, the United Arab Republic, and Yemen, and were soon to be sent to Cuba. A model of a stadium for 100,000 people, to be built at Djakarta, had been sent to Indonesia.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

THE 'TRIESTE'S' RECORD

THE AMERICAN NAVY's bathyscaphe 'Trieste' has set up a new world record by reaching a depth of more than seven miles in the Pacific Ocean. From Washington GERALD PRIESTLAND, the B.B.C.'s correspondent there, reported on the dive in 'Radio Newsreel' (Light Programme). 'It is unlikely', he said, 'that "Trieste's" record will ever be broken, for she dived to the bottom of what is believed to be the deepest part of the world's oceans. It is known as the Mariana Trench, after the nearby Mariana Islands—or, more dramatically, as the Challenger Deep, because it was surveyed eight years ago by H.M.S. "Challenger". The sounding taken then was more than 35,000 feet, but "Trieste" went down 2,000 feet lower than that. For comparison, Mount Everest is about 29,000 feet high, so one might say that the world's basement reaches further than its roof. Now man has conquered both there does not seem anywhere else to go—except space.'

"Trieste" was built by the celebrated Swiss explorer, Professor Auguste Piccard, a man who took to diving as expertly as he did to ballooning in the stratosphere. The bathyscaphe—literally, "depth boat"—is really an under-water balloon, though it looks more like a submarine. The hull is filled with petrol, which takes the place of the gas in a balloon; and the two-man crew occupies a metal sphere instead of a gondola attached under the hull. Rise and fall is controlled by using ballast. The chief danger is of being crushed by the tremendous pressure of the water at great depths.

'The crew consisted of the designer's son, Jacques Piccard, and Lieutenant Walsh of the U.S. Navy. The official announcement in Washington emphasized the scientific significance of the dive for geology, marine biology, and so on; but it is no secret that the submarine and anti-submarine men are just as interested'.

A VISIT TO TIMBUKTU

DORCAS ELLIOTT described in 'Woman's Hour' (from the West Region) a visit she made to Timbuktu with her husband. They travelled down the River Niger to the ancient city, a journey few white people have ever taken. 'We were told', she said, '—although no one in Accra could give us details—that there was a French river steamer, plying on the Niger between Koulikoro (near Bamako, the capital of the French Sudan) and Gao, several hundred miles to the east. This steamer stopped for several hours at Kabara, from which it was possible to visit Timbuktu. We left Accra one Friday morning in November. Air France took us to Abidjan, in the Ivory Coast, where we caught the 'plane to Bamako on the Niger. The journey from there to Koulikoro had to be made by train. When we got to the station the train, which consisted of two coaches, third-class only, was packed to the doors. However, we were welcomed and somehow room was found for ourselves and our luggage. We were the only European travellers.'

'The journey took several hours, but fortunately it became cooler as darkness

In the market place of Timbuktu

fell. At last we saw the river and the lights of the boat which was to take us down-stream. It was a funny, top-heavy-looking craft, painted white. The lower deck was already packed with third-class passengers who were carried without bed or food.'

'Next morning we made our first important stop, at Ségou. It might almost be a little town in the South of France. There are French shops, tree-lined avenues, and donkeys pulling rubber-wheeled carts. The houses are built of mud bricks with flat roofs. It was extremely hot, and we were glad to return to the boat, and in the afternoon to go on to Sansanding. Here the French have built a barrage, or dam, which serves to irrigate large areas of former arid land, now growing rice and cotton. After the barrage the country opens out to an immense landscape of broad river with waving green rushes on its margin, of an enormous stretch of golden earth, and, over all, the great expanse of sky.'

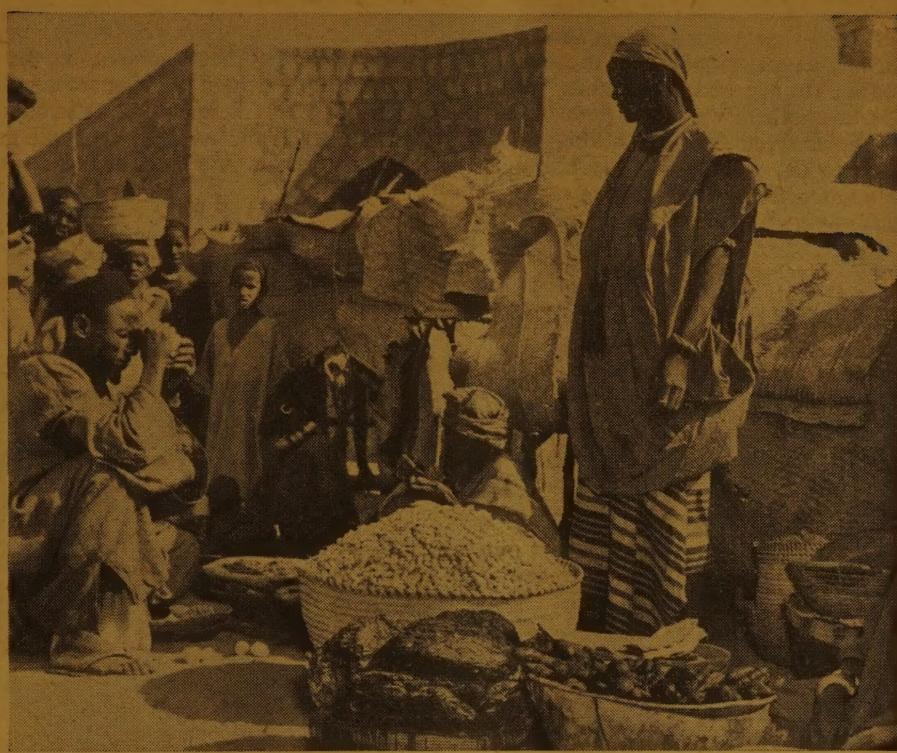
'On Sunday we reached Mopti, known as the Venice of the Niger. Water seemed to be everywhere, as it is surrounded by swamps. There is only one road out of the town, and on the river the long, black, covered canoes are packed with passengers and goods.'

'On Tuesday we reached Kabara, the port for Timbuktu. Piled up on the shore were what looked like slabs of grey-black rock. These are flat pieces of salt which are brought by caravan from the desert salt mines, 400 miles to the north. It is on this trade that Timbuktu mainly lives.'

'We were taken in a lorry to Timbuktu, a journey of about seven miles. The rolling ground and the road are all sand, but there are trees everywhere at first. It was the most beautiful clear morning, fresh and cool, and Timbuktu on arrival did not look at all mysterious or remote. On the contrary, it looked rather dull with its dilapidated, mud buildings and wide, sandy streets, and old



A veiled Tuareg of the Sahara



mosques. We saw water carriers hawking water round the town in goat skins. In the market there was little for sale except some very dry dates covered with flies, and little piles of grain. Old books mention the beautiful leather slippers made in Timbuktu, but I found the craft had died out.

'In the town, for the first time, I saw Tuareg, the veiled men of the desert, swathed to the eyes and wearing swords. They looked strange and formidable. We were taken to the north of the town where we saw a herd of some fifty camels. Here there are no trees, nothing but burning sand and burning sky as far as the eye can see. This is the beginning of the great desert, into whose scorching waste man ventures only after preparation and prayer'.

COURTYARD HOUSES

MICHAEL GOOCH considers that the old courtyard houses of Norwich make good models for town planners, and he described some of them in 'East Anglian Miscellany' (Midland Home Service).

'If we look at an eighteenth-century plan of Norwich', he said, 'the built-up areas of the city look rather like a honeycomb. The explanation of this lies in the hundreds of courts, yards, alleys, and lokes which then intersected it, so that apart from busy streets there was another quieter network of spaces reserved for pedestrians. I suspect that it was not until the nineteenth century that these byways began to degenerate into slums, once spacious houses being subdivided into mean tenements, gardens and orchards over-built with minimum dwellings, so that before long to admit to living in a court would mean social ostracism.'

'So in the improvement schemes and slum clearances of more recent years, probably most of Norwich's courts have been swept away. In some places the names at least survive: Old Bank of England Court, Grout's Thoroughfare, Boarded Entry Yard, Ninham's Court, Chapel Loke, Chestnut Place, Pipe Burners' Yard, and many others. In a few of these people still live, though most of those courts now left seem to be given over to warehousing, or some backyard industry, or merely to decay.'

'In their heyday, in the eighteenth century, the list of Norwich's courts was crowned by the town houses of the gentry and the wealthy burgesses, and the tone was set by no less a person than the Duke of Norfolk himself. His great palace stood where the public library now is.'

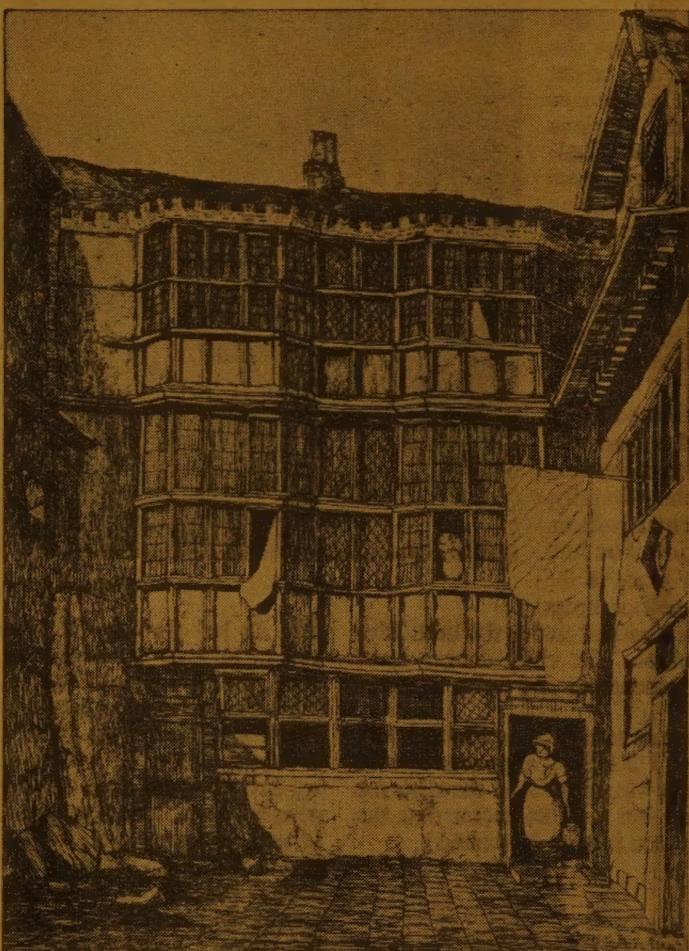
'The Duke's palace must, however, have been a model for lesser citizens: to give just one example, Sir Benjamin Wrench's Court was the meeting place, in the early eighteen-hundreds, of Crome and his Norwich Society of artists, and we know what it looked like from the splendid drawings of one of them—Henry Ninham—with two magnificent half-timbered bays rising up through three storeys. It was pulled down to make way for the grim Victorian Corn Exchange.'

'So many have disappeared over the years of neglect that almost the only one now left intact is Gurney Court, off busy Magdalen Street. Gurney Court is chiefly known because of the remarkable coincidence that it was the birthplace of two notable women, Elizabeth Fry and Harriet Martineau, but its real importance today is as the last survivor of our courtyard town houses.'

'It is interesting to trace its growth, starting with shops having

dwellings over them lining the street, with probably rough, open space behind; then, the owners throwing out wings and outbuildings at right angles, forming a yard between them, and finally building the grand new house across the end of the yard, refacing the other three sides and paving the floor so that the mean back-yard became a grand forecourt. This also would have had private gardens at the rear, and some are still there with big lime trees rising among the factories and warehouses.'

'In thinking how our old city centres might be renewed we could choose no better starting point than the eighteenth-century solution, the use of enclosure: a network of spaces in which the pedestrian has priority, interlocking with, but distinct from, the quite different network of motor transport: and if the two have to cross, let the pedestrian walk on and the car go round, or dive underneath. The eighteenth century shows us how civilized living was once possible in the very heart of the city, and how it could be so again'.



Sir Benjamin Wrench's Court: a contemporary drawing

By courtesy of Norwich Public Libraries

in London the previous winter, and in which he had described his proposed lamp in detail. But most northerners knew that Stephenson had been working on his idea for years and had first successfully demonstrated a model of his lamp in Killingworth Colliery in October 1815, more than a month before Davy's lecture in London. Also, Stephenson's invention had been in almost general use underground at Killingworth by Christmas 1815, when Davy's lamp was still undergoing its first tests.

'But the quiet confidence of the north was suddenly shattered. For Davy, after first publicly branding Stephenson as an impostor, pressed his claim to the invention so successfully that soon practically the whole of the south had accepted it, and a public subscription worth over £2,000 was quickly raised and presented to Davy as the accepted inventor of the lamp.'

'All this angered the north, and Stephenson's friends took steps to acquaint the northern press with the facts of the matter, which resulted in the Killingworth engineer being presented with over £1,000 at a public dinner, held in Newcastle in January 1818, at which he was enthusiastically hailed as the true inventor.'

'There, for nearly twenty years, the matter stood, until, in 1835, the government of the day set up a special committee to investigate the two claims. That committee said that the evidence clearly showed that the Killingworth engineer had been the first to produce a practical safety lamp and, therefore, the honour of the invention was undoubtedly his'.

Ludwig Wittgenstein: a symposium

Assessments of the man and the philosopher

III—By NORMAN MALCOLM

IN a recent book Lord Russell remarks: 'The later Wittgenstein' (meaning the author of the *Philosophical Investigations* as contrasted with the author of the *Tractatus*) 'seems to have grown tired of serious thinking and to have invented a doctrine which would make such an activity unnecessary'. I find this observation amusing, because it is 180 degrees from the truth. The intensity and the completeness with which Wittgenstein was occupied by the problems of the *Investigations* could hardly be exaggerated. I say 'occupied by the problems' advisedly, for they truly took possession of him. G. E. Moore was a deeply serious philosopher, but even he was not, I think, pursued and tormented by philosophical difficulties to the degree that Wittgenstein was. I imagine that after a few hours of work Moore could stop and turn his attention to other matters. Wittgenstein sometimes had to resort to a violent distraction, such as going to a 'flick', where he would sit in the front row with his field of vision filled up by the screen, so that the scenes and incidents of the film would hold off the thoughts that pressed upon him.

In the *Investigations* he says, somewhat enigmatically: 'The real discovery is the one that makes me able to break off doing philosophy when I want to', but I do not believe he ever made that discovery. I am inclined to say that philosophy was somehow *inside* Wittgenstein, giving him no rest. It was not a pursuit to which he could turn his attention or not as he chose. With him there was an investment of energy and feeling in philosophical questions on a scale that one might expect a man to have only in connexion with intimate problems of family and friends, of personal ambition, or of private conscience. His attitude towards philosophical truth was passionate rather than objective. He did not want to contemplate truth but to subjugate it.

Superficial Impression of Vagueness

It is perhaps a common impression that the *Philosophical Investigations* is a collection of aphorisms that are sometimes individually brilliant but which do not combine into a coherent system of thought. There is artistry in the style but the reasoning is rigorous and deep. The book is composed of a series of remarks, yet the impression of vagueness or looseness is merely superficial.

I should find it impossible to describe the literary art of Wittgenstein's philosophical writings, but an obvious component of it is the metaphors that sometimes astonish one. Commenting on the familiar solipsistic doctrine that a person can know only what he himself, and not anyone else, is thinking, Wittgenstein says: 'It is correct to say "I know what you are thinking", and wrong to say "I know what I am thinking"'. Then he adds: 'A whole cloud of philosophy condensed into a drop of grammar'.

In a work apparently written about 1930 and not yet published, Wittgenstein asks: 'Why is philosophy so complicated? It ought to be *entirely* simple. Philosophy unties the knots in our thinking that we have, in a senseless way, put there. To do this it must make movements as complicated as these knots are. Although the *result* of philosophy is simple its method cannot be, if it is to succeed... The complexity of philosophy is not its subject matter, but our knotted understanding'.

In these remarks the metaphors are not mere adornments. They serve to provide perhaps the clearest statement of Wittgenstein's conception that philosophy cannot produce a *foundation* for mathematics or anything else; that it 'simply puts everything before us, and neither explains nor deduces anything'; that it 'leaves everything as it is'.

For Wittgenstein it was natural to think in striking images. These might appear in his conversation on any topic. He had read an account by Dickens of a visit to a shipload of Mormons about to emigrate from England to America, and Wittgenstein

was much impressed by the picture of the simple resolution of those people in the face of hardship. He thought they were an excellent illustration of what religious faith can do. But he went on to remark to a friend that in order to understand them (I think he meant to understand their religious conceptions) one must have a certain 'obtuseness'. Then came this simile: like needing big shoes to walk across a bridge that has holes in the flooring!

Seriousness and Vivacity

Wittgenstein's conversation made an overwhelming impression because of the united seriousness and vivacity of his ideas, and also because of the expressive mobility of his beautiful face, the piercing eyes and commanding glance, the energetic movements and gestures. In comparison, someone has remarked, other people seemed only half alive.

Wittgenstein disliked teaching teachers of philosophy. Partly this was because of a repugnance for academic philosophy and a vivid awareness of the temptations to dishonesty that press upon a university lecturer. But he had another reason. If someone came to his lectures for two or three years he would be introduced to only a small part of the inquiries that Wittgenstein had found it necessary to carry out, and when this student began to teach on his own he would find it impossible to sustain himself merely on what he had learned from Wittgenstein, and he would either give up or else cultivate some affectation of originality. It pleased Wittgenstein to know that among his students there were men who would become doctors or mathematicians.

He once remarked that since this is the age of popular science it cannot be a time for philosophy. He thought that perhaps the most useful work a man trained in philosophy could do nowadays would be to present a popular but clear and decent account of some science, and he mentioned as an example of such a work, Faraday's *The Chemical History of a Candle*.

With respect to philosophical work his standards were inexorable. Of a young friend who was preparing a paper to read to the Moral Science Club at Cambridge he remarked that he ought to write it for a hundred years from now and not just for next week. This he said of a paper that was intended merely for a discussion group, not for publication.

Unattracted by Money

Wittgenstein was not attracted by money or fame. While a young man he gave away the large fortune he inherited so that, as he said, he would not have friends for the sake of his money. Some time after he resigned his chair at Cambridge, and had no income and little left in savings, he was invited to give the John Locke lectures at Oxford. This would have paid him £200 as well as contributing to his reputation, for he was still unknown to the public. I recall his asking me at the time, quite unaffectedly: 'Can you think of any reason why I should do it?' The reasons that would have struck another man as obvious did not interest him. This is not to say that he did not have a concern for what would happen to his name and his work in a later time. About this he was pessimistic. Of the ideas of the *Investigations* he says in his preface: 'I make them public with doubtful feelings. It is not impossible that it should fall to the lot of this work, in its poverty and in the darkness of this time, to bring light into one brain or another—but, of course, it is not likely'. He believed it improbable that his work would survive to another age, one that would be more favourable for philosophy.

Once I was asked whether Wittgenstein had a sense of humour. Often he smiled or laughed at a remark or incident. In my experience his laughter was moderate and brief: I could hardly conceive of him laughing to the point of tears. Sometimes he put on a charming mood of mock seriousness in which he said nonsensical things with the utmost gravity.

He did not have 'a sense of humour' if one means by this a humorous view of the world and of oneself. His outlook was grim. He was always troubled about his own life and was often close to despair. He was dismayed by the insincerity, vanity, and coldness of the human heart. He thought that all of us greatly needed help (and perhaps himself most of all) if we were to become more honest and more loving. That feeling is reflected in these characteristic sentences that conclude different letters: 'I wish you a better head and a better heart than I have'; 'I wish you lots of good luck, and I know you wish me the same; and *do I need it?*'

IV—By RUSH RHEES

WITTGENSTEIN CHANGED HIS VIEWS and his way of discussing problems in the last twenty years of his life. Some people seem to think there must be a strange drama behind this. Bertrand Russell thinks it is evidence of the 'singular man' that Wittgenstein was, and he suggests that he threw away his great talent for philosophy in order to debase himself before common sense—rather as Pascal had 'abandoned mathematics for piety' and 'Tolstoy sacrificed his genius as a writer to a kind of bogus humility which made him prefer peasants to educated men'.

But there was nothing strange in what Wittgenstein did. He returned again and again to the question which had occupied him from the beginning. Like anyone else who does this, he came to see difficulties in many of the ideas he had once accepted. In certain respects he came to see the problems differently. And as he did so he saw that other methods were needed for the study of them. In all this, I must repeat, he was going more deeply into the problems he had studied at the time when Russell admired him. If there was anything 'singular' about the changes he made, it was in the penetration he showed—the way in which he would recognize difficulties which no one else would have noticed—and in the persistence with which he discussed the same things.

But neither is it strange that Russell could not follow him, or even recognize what Wittgenstein was doing at the end of his life, or recognize that it was serious philosophy at all. When Russell speaks of serious philosophy, I suppose he thinks first of the philosophy of logic. And this was first in Wittgenstein's interests too; to the end of his life. But for Russell the questions in the philosophy of logic were bound up with the development of mathematical logic—with the logical analysis of mathematical reasonings, for instance, and with the difficulties of developing a complete deductive system which would make this possible—and Wittgenstein had come to think that this showed a misunderstanding. I have said that the difficulties which Wittgenstein saw—and so the problems which were for him the problems of the philosophy of logic—were often different from those which other logicians had recognized. I should want to qualify this if I were taking the matter further, since for much of the time he was discussing the work of those logicians. But to Russell it must have seemed like raising matters foreign to everything he thought of as the hard work of logic. And Wittgenstein did not expect that Russell would see what he was getting at.

Development Towards the Later Work

I would emphasize only that he did have reasons for developing as he did. They may be criticized, and Russell might have criticized them. But we cannot understand his later work, or how it differed from his earlier work and from Russell's, unless we try to understand them. And it is wrong—I must say this flatly, and I wish I might underline it—it is wrong to suggest that Wittgenstein ever turned away from the interests and the questions which had occupied him particularly in his early days.

We might try to understand the changes he did make by speaking of the ways in which he discussed and criticized the notions of logical necessity, or logical proof, of logic and mathematics, of mathematical proof, of 'insight', 'self-evidence', or the relations of logic and grammar, or logical statements and empirical statements, and so on. But any of these brings others with it; and anyway we could not show what he was doing unless we could show what his discussions were like.

I might mention two matters where he has been misunderstood

especially, though I doubt if a short reference can clarify much. (1) He no longer thought that a special logical symbolism had the importance he once gave it; and (2) he no longer thought that we must be able to show how the whole of logic follows from a single principle. Now many logicians speak of 'formalized languages' and 'natural languages'. A formalized language is really a formal system or calculus; and a natural language is a language which we ordinarily speak, like French or English. These logicians emphasize that the natural languages have grown up to meet practical needs, and they are not suited for the solution of logical problems; they have too many vaguenesses and ambiguities. On the other hand the formalized languages may be so designed that they will lead us to new logical insights which we could never have come to if we had kept to the language of ordinary speech. Wittgenstein would have agreed that natural languages are not suitable for logical investigations—if by logical investigations you mean solving the problems and the difficulties in the development of a calculus. But whether such a calculus can yield important new 'logical insights' is another question; and it calls for an examination of the whole idea of logical insights. This was the question to which Wittgenstein devoted himself. And for this a calculus is no help. Such questions may not interest mathematical logicians. But the philosophy of logic—the question, for instance, of whether the rules of logic are just arbitrary—is devoted to them.

The 'Truth of Logic'

Wittgenstein used sometimes to protest against the dogmatic assumption that all questions can be solved in one way; and against the assumption that if you cannot guarantee the principles of logic by showing them in a connected system then you are virtually throwing logic away. His criticisms of the idea of the 'truth of logic' were something similar: when he would say that a contradiction between logical principles need not vitiate logic. But I must emphasize again that any such remark would be part of a long and complicated discussion—about contradictions altogether, about logical necessity, about the relations of logical principles to one another. A contradiction in the principles of logic would not mean that there was a logical blunder anywhere. These discussions were difficult, and he would return to them from different angles. Perhaps someone who has followed them will say that they are wrong in some way. But he cannot say that Wittgenstein was ignoring the question.

That is what Russell does seem to say when he criticizes Wittgenstein for 'a suave evasion of paradoxes'. Put in that way this almost suggests that Wittgenstein did not mind contradictions in an argument. But this is not what Russell means. He is thinking of what are called 'the logical paradoxes'—contradictions which seem to result from recognized principles of reasoning. Certainly Wittgenstein did not look on these paradoxes in the way Russell did, and I suppose it seemed to Russell that he was not being serious about logic—almost as though he were saying that logic did not matter. Here I can only say that Wittgenstein came to the views he did because he was being serious about logic; because he was trying to bring out the character of logical necessity and show where it lies; and he gave serious reasons for the view he took.

This view affected what he might have said about the relation of logic and the world. Russell thinks that Wittgenstein's later philosophy had turned away from any concern with the world and our relation to it. Once again I do not think this is true. But this is an even larger question than any I have mentioned, and it would be hopeless to try to explain it here. Perhaps it seemed to Russell that, for Wittgenstein, philosophy had become a matter of clearing up linguistic muddles and curing people's headaches. And there would be no concern with the world in that; but only, as Russell puts it, 'with the different ways in which silly people can say silly things'.

Philosophy as therapy: as though the philosopher's interest were in the personal disabilities of the perplexed; and as though he were not perplexed himself—as though philosophy were not discussion. Some remarks which Wittgenstein himself made are partly responsible for this. But he was suggesting an analogy with therapy; and he was doing this in an attempt to bring out certain features in the method of philosophy: to show the differ-

ence between what you have to do here and what you would do in solving a problem in mathematics or in science. It was not a suggestion about what it is that philosophy is interested in. If Wittgenstein spoke of 'treatment', it is the problem, or the question, that is treated—not the person raising it. It is not the personal malaise of the 'patient' which makes the perplexity or question important. What has led me to this perplexity is not my personal stupidity. Rather it is a tendency in the language which could lead *anyone* there, and keeps leading people there. This is why Wittgenstein or anyone doing philosophy can understand the difficulty and the discussion of it. In this respect it is no more personal than the problems of science are.

If it were a silly question—then I suppose it *would* be personal. What makes the questions deep and important is just that they are not this. And for this reason you do learn something from the discussion: it is not as though you were simply being restored to a normal state of mind. What makes you ask questions in philosophy is not a personal misfortune. And what can 'cure' you is philosophy, is discussion, is understanding. If you do not understand, then you will not have benefited in any way. And this shows that the benefit cannot rightly be described as a 'cure'.

I think someone has asked: 'Why does Wittgenstein think language so important? Why does he think the truth is to be found there?' He did not think so. He thought language was important first of all because of its obvious connexions with logic

—because logic has to do with propositions, if you like. But he also said sometimes that philosophical difficulties arise because we cannot get an overall view of the grammar of the language we are using. I am not sure he would have put it exactly like this at the end, but in any case it does not mean that an overall view of the grammar would give you the *answer* to philosophical questions. For they are not questions about language. The man who is puzzled about the nature of thought is not puzzled about language; he is puzzled about thought: and similarly if he is puzzled about chance and necessity, or about the relation between sensations and physical objects, or whatever it may be. Wittgenstein was aware of this, and he emphasized it in his lectures.

And these questions about thought or about things and sensations have to be discussed. The difficulties in understanding what thought is, for instance, have to be met in some way. If we say that the discussion helps us to get an overall view of the grammar of the word 'thought', this does not mean that if you had had the grammar set out before you in a kind of map, you would have seen everything you want to know. The grammar is not something that could be set out in a map, anyway. It is something that appears *in* discussion. And the only way of helping anyone to understand is by the kind of discussion that is given in philosophy.—*From talks in the Third Programme*

The two other contributions to the symposium, by Professor Erich Heller and Dr. M. O'C. Drury, were published last week

Scholars, Aristocrats, and Italian Art

FRANCIS HASKELL reflects on the present exhibition at the Royal Academy

IN the first gallery of this splendid exhibition is a portrait by Salvator Rosa painted soon after the Restoration of Charles II. It represents an English gentleman, Sir James Altham, dressed as a hermit. He is clothed in a rather dirty green robe (as a matter of fact the picture badly needs cleaning) and his arms are folded on his breast. His bare feet are trampling on a Latin text from Epicurus, 'There is No Pleasure after Death', while he looks at a more edifying message, 'The Greatest Pleasure is after Death' which is displayed above a skull and a copy of the Gospels. Despite his appropriate expression of piety and contempt for this world, he also looks distinctly embarrassed.

It would be interesting to know how the portrait was greeted on its return to England—by the family, the neighbours, the vicar. For it must surely have confirmed everybody's worst suspicions about the effects of Italian travel—that it led to Popery, to corruption, and to fantastic behaviour of every kind. Yet the purchase of this picture and others bought at much the same time marks the beginnings of an almost uninterrupted tradition of the collecting of Italian art; its wonderful scope can be gauged in the current exhibition, and its dramatic changes in taste are well brought out in the arrangement of the galleries.

At the time of Sir James Altham's visit to Italy there were few great Italian works of art in England apart from the Raphael cartoons now in the Victoria and Albert Museum and the Mantegnas at Hampton Court. Some

forty years earlier, Charles I, Arundel, Buckingham and a small circle of courtiers had, by a series of purchases—whose scale would be laughed at today as vulgar in a Texas millionaire—made London the home of probably the greatest number of masterpieces ever assembled in a particular place. Under Cromwell most were dispersed and are now the pride of Paris, Vienna, and Madrid. A few survived or were later bought back, and these

remnants can now be seen in the first galleries of the exhibition and especially in the rooms devoted to drawings. True, one cannot complain overmuch of a group that includes two or three Giorgiones, a Tintoretto, a Titian, and a Correggio; all the same it is worth remembering that for a few short years before 1645 half a dozen houses in London contained some seventy Titians, besides fabulous numbers of pictures attributed to Raphael, Correggio, Veronese, and other artists of the High Renaissance.

But in fact when the first collections were formed after the Restoration and the first Grand Tourists made for Italy there was little to guide their tastes at home. With the odd eccentric exception they therefore tended to follow the examples they found in Italy. The most important of these collections—those of Lords Sunderland and Exeter, and of Sir Thomas Isham, which are all represented at Burlington House—do not differ much in emphasis from those being assembled at the same time in Italy: on the whole, 'history pictures' by the leading Roman artists of the



'Head of a Sibyl', by Guido Reni (1575-1642)

Lent by Mr. Denis Mahon

day predominate, with the odd devotional painting and portrait thrown in. Similarly Charles II and James II, neither of whom had much taste, attracted to England a rather deplorable painter from south Italy to glorify their rule in the allegorical manner that had long been current among the princes of the Continent.

This somewhat uncertain phase lasts till the end of the seventeenth century, and as this was a weak period for Italian art as a whole, the results in gallery II are, with one or two striking exceptions, rather melancholy.

But soon after the Glorious Revolution of 1688 and the victorious wars against Louis XIV the English lost their unsureness of touch and began to acquire and then to impose a distinctive taste of their own. In Naples the dying Shaftesbury outlined the view that every gentleman should be something of a connoisseur, and to that extent the whole exhibition is a tribute to his influence. But his more concrete proposals met with little response. He wanted patrons to commission carefully planned history paintings of suitable subjects which would inculcate a high moral lesson; and in this he was no more successful than a very different character—the bankrupt, Irish operatic impresario Owen McSwiney, who commissioned the leading Italian painters of the early eighteenth century to paint a series of allegories designed to commemorate the Whig heroes. One of these, a delightful picture by Sebastiano and his nephew Marco Ricci, is on view in the Architectural Room. It represents figures mourning at the tomb of the Duke of Devonshire—but the complex allegory of the series proved as baffling to the English as it had to the Italian artists, and such attempts to find secular equivalents to Catholic iconography had few successors.

In fact on the whole the English decided to ignore large-scale history pictures altogether. Many leading Venetian artists of the time—Pellegrini, Ricci, Amigoni, and others—came here and produced some superb decorative works. But for lack of support they were soon compelled to leave or to turn to portraits. As far as figure painting was concerned the English concentrated on 'old masters'. From their contemporaries they demanded portraits, views, and landscapes.

Venice was their particular field, as it had been in the time of Charles I and was always to remain. The superb Titians, Tintoretto, Veroneses, and Bassanos could have been (and were) acquired at any time between 1620 and 1960. No change of taste has ever seriously shaken their appeal. The great masters of the High Renaissance, chiefly Raphael and Correggio, were also passionately admired and collected. But there was also one other school which in the eighteenth century was placed on an equally

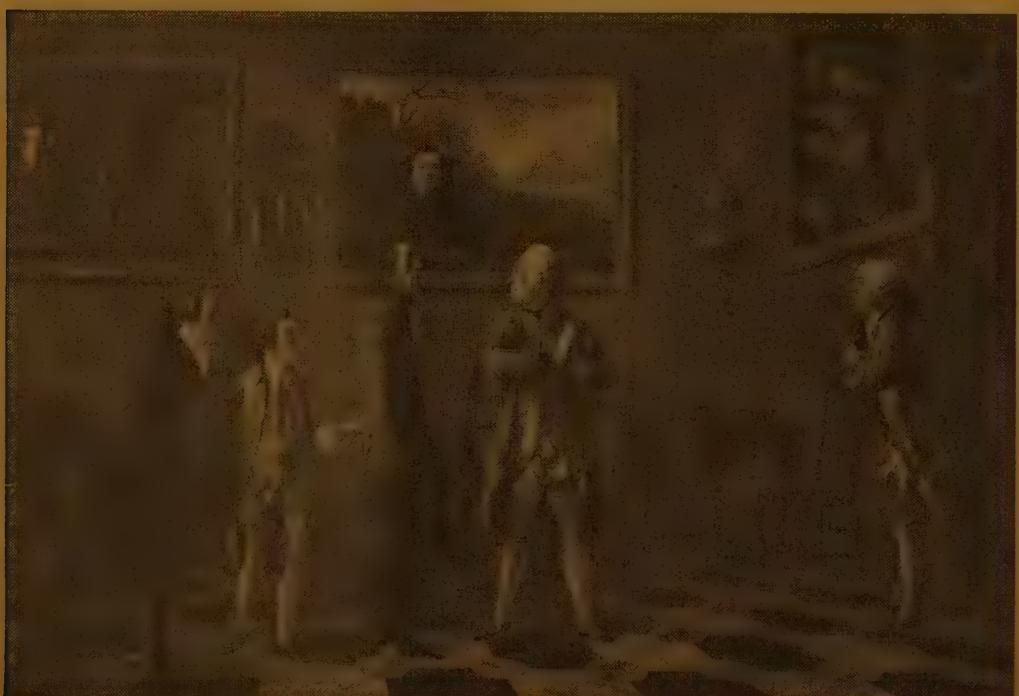
high level, but later underwent an eclipse from which it has only recently emerged: the painting (mainly in Bologna and Rome) of the great baroque artists, such as Guido Reni, Guercino, Pietro da Cortona, and many others. These too were bought in huge numbers, and the presence of many splendid examples in excellent condition at Burlington House makes this an extraordinarily exciting and important exhibition.

Our own painters at the time often complained that they were neglected in favour of foreign artists. But we have only to look at some of these Italian pictures to realize how crucial they were for the development of English art. The effect of Italian painting on Reynolds's Grand Manner is well known; but surely Gainsborough too, who never went to Italy, must, as the catalogue implies, have been thrilled by the delicate poetry of Guercino's 'Hagar and Ishmael' which came to England in 1751. Even Hogarth, the most vociferous champion of English art, may well, as has been suggested, have been inspired by Solimena's double portrait of Mrs. Strangways Horner and her daughter to produce his own superb 'Captain Coram' in the grand manner. In the eighteenth century, in fact, the flowering of English painting runs parallel to the import of Italian art. Meanwhile the Clades and Salvator Rosas which filled the country houses influenced not only our landscape gardening but our whole theory of aesthetics.

The effects of English collecting were almost equally great on the Continent. While the French and Germans complained that the English were forcing prices up to absurd heights, the Italians were compelled to change their traditions to meet English tastes. History painters like Tiepolo were ignored, or else like Batoni they switched to portraits—if Michelangelo were alive now', grumbled one writer in Rome, 'he would have to show the Christ of his "Last Judgment" as an English milord'. Landscapes (never popular in Italy) became of paramount importance, and a painter like Zuccarelli came to London and was made a founder member of our Royal Academy. In Venice Canaletto worked almost exclusively for the English—indeed largely for one Englishman, Joseph Smith, the Consul, who acted as a sort of middleman for him. Smith's own great collection was bought by George III, and many fine Venetian paintings and drawings from it are shown in this exhibition.

Such was the surface of English aristocratic collecting throughout the eighteenth century: a pattern of taste had been established, and Charles I and Horace Walpole might have agreed readily enough about the merits of the main Italian artists. 'There is little to be said of the Florentine School', wrote Horace Walpole, 'as there was little variety in the Masters; and except Andrea del Sarto, and the two Zuccheros, their names are scarce known out of Tuscany. Their Drawing was hard, and their Colouring gaudy'. But underneath a change was occurring, noticeable at first only among those who had settled in Italy, and especially in Florence. Here the first stirrings of the Risorgimento were encouraging a new interest in the past. Fifteenth-century pictures, totally neglected before, were now seen to be of historic, even if of no aesthetic, interest. And, besides, some knowledge of them might help to an appreciation of those later masters who were really admired.

We recognize here the tones of the scholar. Among the émigrés settled in Florence was a man whose very names, Ignazio Hugford, proclaim his double allegiance to Italy and England; and his collection, formed in the middle years of the eighteenth century, was among the first to include a substantial proportion of so-called 'primitives'—including a Botticelli which is now in the Uffizi. Somewhat later Thomas Patch, famous for his caricatures of Englishmen on the Grand Tour, showed an interest in



'A Caricature Group', by Thomas Patch (c. 1725-1782)

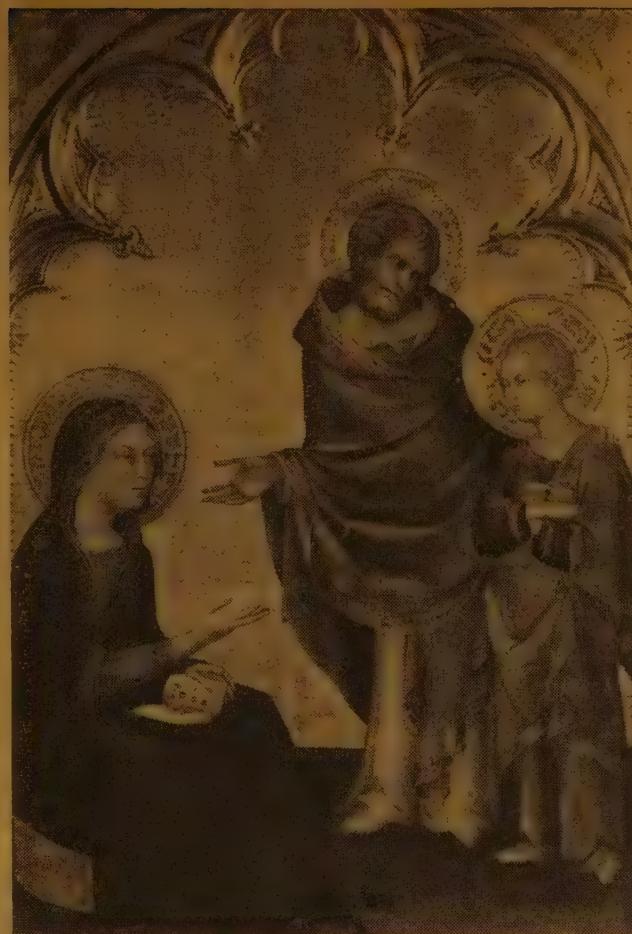
Lent by the Royal Albert Memorial Museum, Exeter

Masaccio. And there were others. It was not all that long before interest spread from this rather specialized group settled in Florence to the more conventional traveller—although that is perhaps hardly a suitable way to describe Frederick Hervey, Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry, who gave his name to so many Bristol hotels on the Continent. Hervey, who died in 1803 and whose portrait by Madame Vigée-Lebrun can be seen in the exhibition, wrote that he had bought works by 'Cimabue, Giotto, Marco da Siena, Guido da Siena, and all that old pedantry of painting which seemed to show the progress of art at its resurrection'.

Such an attitude was typical of what we can call the first rediscovery of the Primitives. For no one at this stage would have disputed the absolute supremacy of High Renaissance or seventeenth-century painting. The most fascinating English figure of this phase was William Roscoe, the high-minded author of the *Life of Lorenzo de Medici* whom he took as his inspiration. Roscoe never visited Italy, and as viewed by him, fifteenth-century Florence seemed curiously similar to the late eighteenth-century Liverpool where he lived. But the marvellous paintings by Simone Martini and Ercole Roberti from his collection show the certainty of his taste, however deficient his sense of history. And as all his pictures were already in England when he bought them, it is clear that enthusiasm for early Italian art had increased widely even before the new century. And the two greatest masterpieces in the same gallery, the Domenico Venezianos from the Fitzwilliam Museum, had both been acquired by their English owner in 1815.

Yet the almost exclusively 'historical' approach to Italian painting continued to be general until at least 1832, when Sir Robert Peel answered 'I do not think we should buy curiosities' to a proposal that the recently formed National Gallery should buy early Italian pictures. But alongside the 'historical' approach, although distinct from it, was growing up the second rediscovery of the Primitives—and this was based on motives of taste. It too was founded on that most powerful of all fallacies bequeathed to the world by Vasari, that painting followed a sort of human development of childhood, adolescence, maturity, and decay. It is strange to see in these galleries masterpieces of intellectual and emotional complexity which were eagerly acquired because they were considered 'innocent' and 'childlike'. But it is hardly necessary to stress how far such a belief was welcomed by the Victorians or fitted in with the personal psychology of Ruskin himself who played such an important role in guiding British taste. Indeed we can see in the Lecture Room a Verrocchio which once belonged to Ruskin, while in the most peculiar Gallery VIII devoted to the impact of Italy on English artists we can see watercolours by Ruskin and paintings by Eastlake, the great Director of the National Gallery responsible for purchasing so many early Italian masterpieces for the nation. It is to the National Gallery we must go if we are to understand this period of English collecting, and then only by comparing the dates of acquisition there and in this exhibition can we see how a piecemeal enthusiasm for early artists as a whole gradually resolved itself into a taste for certain individual painters—a Fra Angelico, a Verrocchio, a Botticelli—which changed from generation to generation with the varying sensibilities of the Victorian age.

This second rediscovery of the Primitives, founded on taste



'The Child Christ Discovered by His Parents in the Temple', by Simone Martini (c. 1285-1344)

Lent by the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool

rather than history, had its inevitable drawbacks. If early art was 'innocent', so later art was 'corrupt'. The masters of the seventeenth century came to be dismissed with total contempt; even the High Renaissance was affected by misunderstood enthusiasm for 'sincerity' and 'originality'.

The story of the recent recovery of baroque painting is somewhat similar to that of the Primitives. Here, too, the initiative was taken by scholars: it is no coincidence that the beautiful arrangement of Galleries X and XI and the bulk of their contents are due to the single man, Mr. Denis Mahon, who has played the greatest part in revaluing the art of seventeenth-century Italy. But in fact nearly every time we turn to the catalogue to discover who is the owner of a particularly fine picture of this period, we find that it belongs to some art historian who has contributed to our understanding of baroque painting. But there are signs also that here too we are moving out of this initial phase, and that a change of taste is following a renewal of scholarship. The national and the provincial galleries have lately bought splendid baroque pictures—for instance, the Cerano from Bristol, the Castiglione from Birmingham, and the Salvator Rosa from Cambridge

—though the occasional letter to

The Times has sometimes shown that we still have among us the descendants of Sir Robert Peel and his attitude of 'I do not think we should buy curiosities'. And would the recent discovery of Guardi's superb figure paintings which are on view in Burlington House have caused such a stir even twenty years ago?

The exhibition can be enjoyed for its series of masterpieces only. But because of its emphasis on variation in taste and the progress of scholarship that has been made since the last great exhibition of Italian art at Burlington House in 1930, it can help to make us the first generation in history able to appreciate four centuries of great painting without bias. Indeed, one of the interesting questions of the next few years will be to see how far such a reconciliation of taste and knowledge is possible—or even desirable.—*Third Programme*

First Nephew

(for Yahsir)

Left alone in the room, his tongue he clicked
at the mirror like a budgerigar. Then
he yelled as though a lion with a thorn
in his paw, noticing he had been tricked;

for the mirror was no playmate, and he
too young to play Narcissus. He stamped, kicked
the engine in its shunting-yard and socked
the teddy-bear, king of his nursery.

His face wrinkled in a frown, the tears came.
He swayed on weak legs to the mirror to see
whether a kind face had returned, but the eye
that watched him, moist and slit, was the same.

ZULFIKAR A. GHOSE

Art—anti-Art

Surrealism, Love, and the Marquis de Sade

By A. G. LEHMANN

A FEW weeks ago, in Paris, before a select audience, a young Canadian painter organized and carried through a special surrealist ceremony of a sort that I suppose is not often seen. Dressed in a fantastic costume of masks, robes, and symbolic objects of his own design, some of them obscene, he appeared before his guests dragging a hearse-like object, and to the accompaniment of noise effects and solemn readings from the will of the Marquis de Sade, conducted a ritual purporting to represent the 'symbolic transference' of the grave of the divine Marquis. The climax of the ceremony came when, seizing a red-hot iron, the celebrant bared his chest and branded himself with the four letters S-A-D-E. By this act he not only drew attention to the forthcoming opening of the surrealist exhibition, in which his own work figures, but also, I think, meant to reaffirm as emphatically as possible one of surrealism's oldest and most typical preoccupations: its passionate, anxious questionings about Eros, about Love in the context of Art.

The first thing I find remarkable in all this is the fact that surrealism as a movement should still survive and command an allegiance capable of defying the branding-iron. The reason I find this remarkable is simple. For anyone who has idled among the old magazines and controversies of thirty years ago, or thumbed over the pages of early surrealist poetry, it seems almost inconceivable that anything as *vieux-jeu* as surrealist ideas should continue today to attract young writers or painters. In saying this I mean no disrespect to the chief architect of its survival, André Breton, who is in every sense a considerable poet and author in his own right.

On the one hand there is his sonorous, metallic, flexible prose, irradiated by every kind of peremptory verbal felicity—crackling electric threads between the real and the unheard-of: as in so many passionate apostrophes—

And may your arteries, filled with their black and vibrant blood, guide me continually towards all that I must know, must love, towards all that sets off its feathery sparks at my fingertips . . .

And somehow in the same landscape of adventure and discovery there belongs the poetry of Eluard, no less vibrant and uncompromising than Breton, but spoken in a different tone of voice—even more blandly surprising:

The bird has fused into the wind,
The sky into its truth,
Man into his reality . . .

Those are the sort of directions in which I should look for major surrealist achievements of the sort which survive and keep us as young as themselves.

But except where Breton is writing lyrical prose *about* surrealism, it could be argued there is nothing specifically 'surrealist' about these poems, these *témoignages*—unless one places great importance on particular recurring images or words which could be fortuitous, mere fashions of the nineteen-twenties: hair cropping up in queer places, for instance, or magnetic allusions and electric analogies, the dated props of the period.

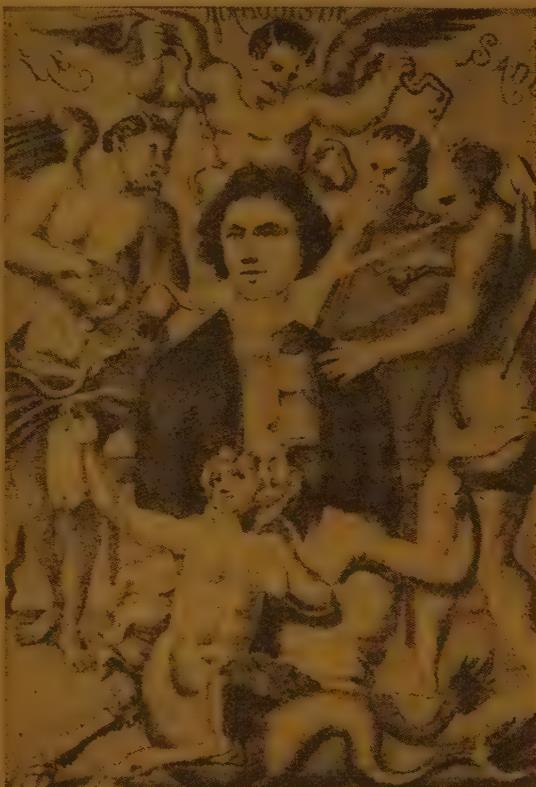
In fact, surrealism distinguished itself from anti-art around it almost solely by its theories. And theories go stale almost more quickly than anything else. Think of the capers of those young would-be revolutionaries of the twenties, ganging up alongside their Marxist friends of the strict observance to strike down what remained of decadent society after the holocaust of the first world war, and proclaiming year after year their faith in dialectical materialism, even when the Comintern had sternly rebuked their aberrant ideologies. Think of the surrealists' craze for that other fashionable plaything of the day, Freud and his psychoanalysis, which was assumed to provide conclusive support for their idea of some superior level of reality, *surreality*, which the movement aimed to discover and which Breton hoped would eventually 'expel man from himself'.

Or, again, think of some of the devices by which Breton and his adherents proposed at the start to break through and explore those realms beyond consciousness: mediumistic trances, word-games, automatic writing, the imitation of psychic disorders in the joint volume *L'Immaculée Conception*, and so on. What a musty smell comes up from so much of yesterday's experiments, yesterday's controversies, many of them just that much more naive than the same thing today.

Yet, there is Breton opening his eighth exhibition, and basing it on the theme which he has never stopped writing about since the *Premier Manifeste*. And this movement, which was founded with the aim of destroying all tradition, has acquired one of its own, and alongside the younger recruits still displays its original glories: the work of Magritte, Tanguy or Picabia, Arp,

Giacometti and Miró, even Dali. But my suspicion is that this tradition is a little less assured than appears at first sight, and I should like to give my reasons for this view.

Thirty-five years ago, surrealism had a central and unique aim, which provided it, among other things, with its name. I refer to the ambition to change and liberate human nature completely by investigating and developing 'surreal' experiences. In the beginning was the quest for 'objective chance': the sign of a kind of complicity between unwilling occurrences and our subjective aims. An example: the *objet trouvé*; or the strangely shaped disquieting pebble on the beach, say, which can have all the appearance of being deliberately and purposefully created while in fact we know its shape is the chance result of the play of the waves and the rubbing of other pebbles. In this trivial example already there seems to be a hint of some higher pattern, of some reality which our present habits of mind exclude us from, but which is supremely to be desired. 'The idea of surrealism', said Breton, 'is simply to make a complete recovery of our psychic powers by a giddy descent into our own depths, by the gradual illumination of hidden places, the gradual dimming of the remainder, and by an unending exploration through forbidden zones'. Not only through poetry and art do we reach into these zones. Surrealist hagiography specializes in startling coincidences and encounters—oracular pronouncements like those of the unhappy Nadja wandering through the streets of Paris, or the disquieting discovery by



An imaginary portrait of the Marquis de Sade

Breton and Giacometti of a mask which corresponded to their inner preoccupations. Not without caution, the surrealist at Breton's side was intrigued by the occult and the inexplicable; he collected and catalogued his data, a haggard-eyed witness, Breton called himself, and waited for society to fall to bits and give him his chance to make new men of unlimited psychic powers, in the light of truths incompletely understood.

But then one day Breton came to the view that this higher level of being, this ontological paradise, was itself a dream, albeit a beautiful one, or perhaps a sort of regulative fiction—something which it is good to put our ambitions on, but not our money. And in *L'amour fou* he wrote:

I have spoken before now of a certain sublime point high on the mountain. There was never any question of my settling permanently there. It would after all have ceased to be sublime; and I should have ceased to be a man.

So far as I know, there has been no attempt ever to go back on this renunciation. The original credo and programme of surrealism has in fact been dropped over the years in favour of what one might call a programme of 'as if'. We must continue to value *objets trouvés*, the unexpected and the marvellous, the magical and the disconcerting, for its own sake, and as if it was pointing to strange and important forces capable of enchanting and inspiring us. We must continue to respect magic while no longer believing in magic; we must continue to seek out words and things and patterns and occurrences which seem to 'testify'—and in this respect Breton is indisputably continuing on the course laid out by magic-loving romanticism, revived in France already by the early generations of symbolism. The break with the ancestors comes precisely in the restrictive 'as if', which grins out from the middle of the programme, and makes nonsense now of all the urgency and violence of surrealism in its early days.

So the lay-mysticism of the twenties tapers down to the ontologico-aesthetic make-believe of the sixties. And with the loss of the central ideal goes—I am prepared to believe—a great deal else. For instance, the loss of interest in objects which are purely disconcerting (in their own right). Remember the flat-iron which Man Ray invented and dignified by spikes in the middle of the business surface; by this invention he was helping people to overcome their intellectual torpor and prepare themselves to receive impressions of the marvellous. Or Marcel Duchamp's bird-cage filled with little cubes of sawn-up marble to simulate sugar: people picking up the cage were surprised to find how tremendously heavy it was. Thirty years ago, constructions of this kind had their place in the militant effort to 'de-realize' the world, to scandalize, to destroy society's artistic taboos. But today there is nothing specially subversive about a flat-iron with a spike or a bird-cage weighing a ton. Instead, surrealism talks of humour—black humour—and makes anthologies of the most savage pieces, such as Swift's 'Modest Proposal'. I cannot help feeling that, coming after scandal, 'humour' is in this perspective a slightly resigned sort of concept.

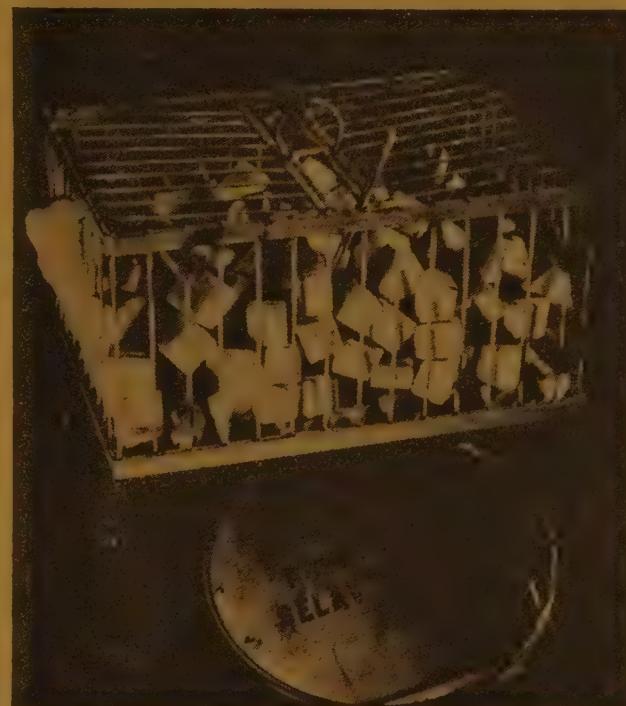
What then is left? A considerable body of poetry, obviously, some of it fine, not homogeneous, but casting its shadow wide. The work of half-a-dozen important artists (who can hardly be said to have constituted a school of ideas to go with it), compact and violent at the start, but by now not so much more than a diffuse spray of attitudes and interests. Among these interests, though, is the long-standing one which Breton revived for the purposes of his exhibition—the belief that erotic love, or

indeed anything else that we may call love, with the important exception of the Christian idea of *caritas*, is one of the great fields of exploration for the marvellous, the unaccountable, the portentous and the sacred. Three decades ago Breton held an *Enquête* on love, which produced at the time some fairly jejune answers, and much lofty theorizing. Passionate love, it was held, could make a huge contribution to our knowledge of that surreal level of being where subjective and objective meet. 'Human love must be refashioned, like everything else', said Breton. And if surrealism is to be judged on its poetic achievements of that time, its strongest claims on us would certainly come from its love-poetry, beginning with Eluard, and Char, or Aragon's *Paysan de Paris*, or Breton's own *L'amour fou*. A distinguished French philosopher, Professor Alquié, has found in these writings all the arguments on love which are to be found in Plato's *Symposium*, and it is clear that the exercise is not a flippant one: the preoccupation then was as earnest as everything else being undertaken, and its good faith was beyond question.

But I suspect this eminent philosopher would be less at ease in analysing the message of the present surrealist exhibition. It has been objected that the theme itself is one which tends to lay emphasis not on the values of art but rather on the ideological concerns of surrealism. If this were true in a detailed sense, one would expect to see much greater regimentation in the exhibits; in fact, the seventy-five artists on show have no discernible community of purpose. Breton himself admits that Duchamp and Chirico, both important to surrealism because of their common concern for the erotic, are in every respect about as dissimilar as artists could be. It would be nice, therefore, to know the latest dogmas of surrealism on love in general. Are they up to the level of Socrates? Alas, they fall short by a long way. 'Eroticism', we are told, 'involves the inner life'; is 'inseparable from the sense of life and of the sacred'; or, again, 'the only art up to the level of spaceman, the only art capable of carrying him further than the stars, is

eroticism'. What forces, then, does Eros preside over? The answer is a well-worn one: over all desire in the universe, over the affinity of minerals, the coupling of animals, phenomena of attraction. Human love is just a particular specification.

This is little different from the pantheism Charles Fourier preached, or Saint-Simon, to go no further back; and it seems curiously less humanistic—I was going to say human—than the position taken up in earlier years by Eluard, by Breton himself, by Aragon, and a dozen others. Confirmation of this impression comes from another side. In the surrealist usage, the word 'imagination' denotes spontaneous promptings which can enlarge our thoughts, our range of conjecture, our vision—it was a key word in the older perspectives; indeed it referred to a cognitive faculty apparent in automatic writing. Today I find Breton quoting the Marquis de Sade: 'All man's happiness is in his *imagination*; he can hope for felicity only by indulging all his *caprices*'—which puts a special turn on the idea of imagination, making it simply synonymous with desire or 'caprice'. In fact, to exercise our imagination means now, to the surrealist, little more than arranging a good shaking-up for the languid psyche, in the light of a hygienic principle. It would be perverse to mistake the exhibition of erotica for a general invitation to get out and break the laws and codes of our society. Breton would consider it rather as a challenge to us to look on certain areas of our sensibility through new eyes. But once again, it is impossible not to remember how much has been lost of the original purpose and sense of



'Why Not Sneeze?' by Marcel Duchamp: a bird-cage filled with small cubes of marble to simulate sugar

surrealism, the climate in which it was breaking new ground, speculating on marvellous discoveries thought to have been made, elaborating a wholly novel system of man. The moral of it all is plain. In place of that 'certain sublime point' which dominated Breton's thought in the twenties, and was communicated to so many hopeful and brilliant young writers, there is now an appeal to imagination, to desire, to eroticism, to passion: that is to say, to powers and appetencies valued as ends in themselves, not as clues to knowledge of a superior pattern of being.

The Marquis de Sade was therefore entirely the right person to invoke at this moment. For it is impossible to extract from his works a coherent message or example; everywhere in those extraordinary phantasies one comes upon contradiction, ambiguous uses of key words like 'good' and 'bad', 'vicious';

it is not possible to know in the last resort what he condemns and what he satirizes. All that is certain is that he set little store by conventional norms of sanity, or by conventional artistic and moral ideals, or, significantly, by the approval of his fellow-men. I referred to the ceremony of symbolic transference of his grave, conducted on December 2 by Jean Benoît. Perhaps it is worth recalling in conclusion exactly what the Marquis de Sade did want done about his grave. In his will he laid down with great precision that it was to be dug in a thicket, and that it should be sown with acorns, 'so that afterwards the ground of the said grave being covered over, and the thicket grown up again as before, the traces of my tomb should disappear from the surface of the earth, as I flatter myself my name will disappear from the memory of men'.—*Third Programme*

The Sky at Night

The Great Spiral

By PATRICK MOORE

HOW far can one see without a telescope? This is a question which is often asked—and generally answered incorrectly. The stars, as everyone knows, are immensely distant, but are members of our own stellar system or Galaxy. The most distant object visible without optical aid is the Great Spiral in Andromeda, an external system which may be seen as a faint misty patch not far from the Square of Pegasus. The Great Spiral, known astronomically as M.31 (the thirty-first object in a famous catalogue drawn up by the eighteenth-century French observer Charles Messier) is almost 2,000,000 light-years from us.

In measuring stellar distances, the mile is too short a unit to be convenient, just as it would be awkward and cumbersome to measure the distance between London and Moscow in inches. Fortunately a better unit is available. Light moves at 186,000 miles per second, and the distance covered in a year, 5,880,000,000,000 or nearly six million million miles, is known as the light-year. It is clear, then, that the Great Spiral is almost inconceivably remote, even though it is one of the very nearest of the external galaxies.

When we look at the Spiral, we are not only looking through space, but we are also looking backward through time. We are seeing the system not as it is, but as it used to be almost 2,000,000 years ago, before the beginning of the last Ice Age and long before men appeared on Earth. Ever since then, the light now entering our eyes has been flashing toward us.

Two Different Kinds of Nebula

The misty-looking objects known as nebulae have been known for centuries and appear to be of two different kinds. Some, such as the conspicuous 'sword' below the Belt of Orion, are not resolvable into stars; they look like masses of gas—which is precisely what they are. They belong to our own Galaxy, and may well mark regions in which fresh stars are being formed from interstellar material. Sir William Herschel, one of the greatest observers of all time, was particularly interested in the nebulae which seemed to be made up principally of stars, and he even speculated as to whether these objects might be galaxies in their own right, well beyond the boundary of our system. However, in Herschel's time it was impossible to measure the distances of even the nearest stars, and in fact this was not done until 1838, sixteen years after Herschel's death.

In 1845 Lord Rosse, using what was then the largest reflecting telescope in the world, discovered that numbers of the 'resolvable' nebulae were spiral in form, not unlike vast catherine-wheels. Some, such as M.51 in the constellation of Canes Venatici (the Hunting Dogs), were face-on to us, and presented glorious views; others, such as the Andromeda object, lay at an angle, so that the spiral effect was less obvious. Of course, by no means all the resolvable nebulae were spiral, but an appreciable percentage of them showed strong indications of such shape.

At the beginning of the present century, the question of the status of the resolvable nebulae was still unanswered. In general, it was believed that they were members of our system, and that Herschel's tentative speculation had been in error. Certainly they were extremely remote, and all the usual methods of measuring distances proved to be useless for even the Andromeda spiral, which is the brightest member of the class (apart from the Nubeculae or Magellanic Clouds, which are visible only from more southerly latitudes, and which are more or less irregular in form). It was not until 1923 that E. P. Hubble, at Mount Wilson, cleared the matter up by using a relatively new line of attack.

A Measuring Rod for Astronomers

Most stars shine steadily, and do not alter appreciably in brilliancy from year to year. Some, however, are variable, and show fluctuations in light over short periods of a few hours, a few days, or several months. It had been found that for the class known as Cepheid variables the period of fluctuation was linked with the real luminosity of the star; the longer the period, the greater the luminosity. Consequently, astronomers were provided with a powerful 'measuring rod'. Once a Cepheid had been studied, and its period worked out, its real luminosity became known, and comparison of apparent brightness with real luminosity enabled the distance of the star to be calculated. Hubble detected several of these useful variables in the Andromeda spiral, and announced that they—together with the spiral in which they lay—must be at a distance of about 750,000 light-years. Herschel's speculation had been correct after all; the system was external, and did not belong to the Galaxy in which the Sun is situated. Henceforth the term 'spiral nebulae' became obsolete, to be replaced by the more accurate 'spiral galaxy'.

Subsequent studies showed that though Hubble's estimate of 750,000 light-years was of the right order, it was certainly too small, and the distance was re-measured as 900,000 light-years. Then, in 1952, a further revision was made by W. Baade, whose work was carried out with the aid of the 200-inch reflector at Palomar. Baade pointed out an error in the fundamental 'measuring rod'; the variable stars inside the Great Spiral were much more luminous than had been believed, and so must also be more remote. The whole distance-scale of the universe had to be doubled, and the Andromeda galaxy proved to be almost 2,000,000 light-years away. It had been thought that the Andromeda galaxy was smaller than the system in which the Sun lies, but Baade's work showed that this is not so; in fact the Great Spiral is considerably the larger of the two. Moreover it contains objects such as gaseous nebulae and star-clusters, and is attended by two smaller 'satellite galaxies', just as our Galaxy is accompanied by the Magellanic Clouds.

Through a small or moderate telescope, it must be admitted that the Spiral is distinctly disappointing. It looks like a fuzzy patch of luminosity, and is not in the least spectacular. Large

instruments are needed to show the fine details, and, of course, most modern studies of it are carried out by means of photography.

Many individual stars are visible, but it is worth noting that all these are giants of high luminosity. Even the Palomar reflector would be inadequate to reveal our Sun across a distance of 2,000,000 light-years. There can be no doubt that the Spiral contains vast numbers of dwarf solar-type stars, but so far our telescopes cannot detect them.

Since the Spiral is so remote, our knowledge of it is naturally rather out of date judged by our everyday standards, and one specific example will show what is meant. In 1885 astronomers observed a 'new star' in the Spiral. Strictly speaking, the star was not 'new' at all; it was a supernova—a veritable stellar explosion, causing a sudden, short-lived increase in the luminosity of a formerly faint object. For some days the supernova remained at about the sixth magnitude, so that it was near the limit of naked-eye visibility; it then declined, and became lost in the general background light of the Spiral. Though the outburst was seen as recently as 1885, which is within living memory, it actually took place long before the dawn of human history on Earth.

Ordinary novæ are not particularly uncommon, and many have been observed in our Galaxy—recent examples being Nova Herculis (1934), Nova Lacertæ (1936), and Nova Puppis (1945). After the outburst, a nova declines to its original brightness, at least approximately, and apparently suffers no radical alteration: some stars, indeed, are known to have suffered more than one nova-like outburst. Supernovæ are much rarer, and also much more violent. During the last thousand years only three have appeared in our Galaxy. One recorded by Chinese astronomers in 1054, has become the extraordinary gas-cloud now called the Crab Nebula; Tycho's Star of 1572 was certainly a supernova, and became bright enough to be visible in broad daylight; Kepler's Star of 1604 was also probably of this class. Since then none has been seen in our system, and by the law of averages another supernova must be due. It is difficult to visualize the colossal scale of these 'explosions'; when at maximum, a supernova becomes millions of times more luminous than the Sun.

Both the Great Spiral and our own Galaxy contain stars, clusters, gaseous nebulae and other objects; both have included supernovæ, and both have satellite systems. Moreover, both are of much the same form. Radio astronomy has proved that the Galaxy in which we live is itself a rather loosely wound spiral, 100,000 light-years or so in diameter, and with the Sun lying well away from the centre, near the edge of one of the spiral arms.

Another important fact which has been long suspected, but proved only in relatively modern times, is that the Galaxy is rotating. The centre lies in the direction of the Sagittarius star-clouds, and is hidden by the great quantity of obscuring matter—though fortunately this material presents no obstacle to radio waves. The Sun, like the other stars, is moving round the galactic centre, and takes about 225,000,000 years to complete one revolution, a period which has been graphically termed the 'cosmic year'. Going back one cosmic year brings us to the Carboniferous Period, when amphibians were lords of the Earth, and the coal measures were being laid down; two cosmic years, and we are back in the Cambrian Period, when no life existed on our world except in the sea. Since the dawn of life, then, the Sun has made only two or three journeys round the centre of the Galaxy.

The Andromeda Spiral is rotating in a similar manner, and it now seems certain that the arms are trailing; this point proved to be highly controversial, and it is only during the last few years that agreement has been reached. The reason why spiral structure appears at all is, as yet, entirely unknown. Neither have we much idea as to the evolution of a typical galaxy. According to one theory, a system begins as an irregular object, turns into a spiral because of its rotation, and becomes elliptical as its rotation slows down, finally assuming a more or less spherical shape; but all theories of the evolution of galaxies are very tentative.

Because the spiral galaxies are so spectacular when photographed with large telescopes, there is a tendency to regard them as predominant. This is somewhat misleading, as a careful analysis will show. Galaxies tend to collect into well-marked groups, and the local group contains only three spirals—those in Andromeda and Triangulum, and the system in which we are situated. There are two irregular galaxies (not including the Clouds of Magellan, which show very vague indications of spirality) and ten elliptical systems. Spirals seem, then, to be in the minority, though they are certainly not uncommon.

The Andromeda Spiral contains more than 100,000 million stars, and many of these must be very like the Sun, which is, after all, a perfectly normal dwarf of spectral type G. There is no reason to doubt that many of them are attended by families of planets. We still do not know precisely how the Earth and its companions came into being, but it is absurd to suppose that the Sun is unique in possessing

ing a planetary system. Moreover, it is reasonable to suggest that

some of the 'solar systems' in the Andromeda Spiral contain worlds which are inhabited by beings at least as advanced as ourselves. Proof is, of course, lacking—it may always be lacking—but why should there not be many astronomers living on planets in the Great Spiral? If so, they will undoubtedly study our Galaxy, and it is interesting to speculate about the view which they will obtain.

To the 'Andromedan', our Galaxy will not be visible without a telescope, unless his eyes are sharper than ours. Any small instrument will, however, show it, and higher powers will bring out the typical loose catherine-wheel shape. Giant stars such as Rigel or Betelgeux will be detected, but a telescope larger than the Palomar 200-inch will be needed to show the relatively feeble Sun. The Clouds of Magellan will appear conspicuous on photographs, much as the satellites of the Great Spiral appear to ourselves, and globular clusters will also be visible.

Once again we must remember the time-lag caused by the vast distance between the two systems. From Earth we see the Spiral as it used to be long ago; an astronomer there will have a similarly out-of-date view of our Galaxy. Consider, for instance, the case of Nova Herculis 1934. The nova was about 800 light-years away from us, which means that the outburst really took place in 1134, when there were still living Englishmen who remembered William the Conqueror. Our imaginary astronomer in the Andromeda Spiral will know nothing about it as yet; he will not observe it for almost 2,000,000 years to come.

Photographs of the Great Spiral are so detailed that a view of the actual object through a small telescope is apt to be regarded as something of an anti-climax. However, the Spiral is well worth finding, and on a dark and clear night it is visible without optical aid of any sort. Though it still presents us with many problems, we have at last discovered its true nature; and when we look at it, we are going upon a journey through both space and time.

—Based on the B.B.C. television programme of January 20



The central part of the Andromeda Galaxy. All the stars visible here are more luminous than the Sun

Illustrations here and on cover: Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories



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A LINKED FAMILY OF FORTY SIX COMPANIES

Strangeness and Parity

By O. R. FRISCH, F.R.S.

This is the last of three talks by Professor Frisch in which he discusses the new fundamental particles

IN my first two talks I have described some of the evidence for the existence of thirty different particles—electrons, protons, mesons, and so on—which we consider as fundamental. But why should we consider them so? Many of them are unstable, and transform themselves spontaneously into two or more other particles; why not assume that they are in fact composed of the particles into which they are observed to break up?

That possibility was, of course, considered and was indeed only abandoned when it was seen to be unworkable. Originally, fundamental particles were thought of as units, eternal and unchangeable, out of which the world was made as a child makes houses out of blocks. The discovery of the positive electron or positron in 1933 shattered that image. When a positron meets an electron they both disappear and instead we are left with gamma rays, which in turn are quickly absorbed and turned into heat. So the idea of the electron as an unchangeable, eternal brick was gone.

For a time the proton looked more durable. The neutron was at first thought to be complex, a tight union between a proton and an electron. That view was supported by the spontaneous emission of electrons from neutron-rich nuclei—beta decay, as we call it. But soon it was found that in proton-rich nuclei the opposite process was also possible; so physicists began asking: does this mean that the proton is complex, composed from a neutron and a positron? We cannot have it both ways: each of these views makes nonsense of the other, and it would have been arbitrary to accept one of them and reject the other one. This being so, it seems best to consider both the proton and the neutron as fundamental, while admitting that each can be transformed into the other, and we often used the word nucleon to mean both of them.

The K-Meson

Things are even worse with the strange particles I discussed in the second talk. The heavy meson—the K-meson—can change either into two pions or three pions, or a pion, a muon, and a neutrino; and in several other ways as well. If it were composed of, say, three pions, one could not understand the other modes of break-up. So again it seems best to consider the K-meson as a particle in its own right, capable of undergoing several different alternative transformations.

It might seem to you that this is a lawless sub-atomic jungle where almost any particle can transform itself into any combination of other particles. But there are certain limitations, owing to the existence of conservation laws. For instance, the conservation of mass and energy demands that in any spontaneous transformation the newly formed particles must jointly weigh less than the original particle, so that the energy with which they fly apart can be obtained from the loss in mass, according to Einstein's mass-energy equivalence. Another limitation is the conservation of electric charge. For instance, when a proton changes into a neutron, its positive charge cannot just disappear but takes the form of a positron. Furthermore, a neutrino must be formed as well, to satisfy yet another conservation law: the conservation of spin. Between them these three conservation laws, of mass and energy, of charge, and of spin, limit considerably the possible transformations among particles.

Yet there are a number of transformations that do not happen although they are compatible with those three conservation laws. For instance, a proton has never been seen to change into a positive pion and a neutrino. If a proton had any likelihood of undergoing this transformation even in a million years, all matter would be strongly radioactive and would indeed have disappeared long ago by radioactive decay. Yet a proton can change easily enough into a neutron. Both the neutron and the proton are

sources of nuclear force, just as all charged particles are sources of electric force. We may say that they are 'charged' with a special kind of charge, and that this 'nucleonic' charge is conserved just like the electric charge.

If that is so, then the particles heavier than nucleons, the hyperons, must also each possess one unit of nucleonic charge because they are unstable and turn in a fraction of a second into protons or neutrons. Indeed, it is found that hyperons are strongly attracted by nuclei and are probably sources of nuclear force, just like neutrons or protons, and with about the same strength. So this supports the idea that any nucleon or hyperon carries a unit of, say, positive nucleonic charge. To the corresponding anti-particles we must ascribe a unit of *negative* nucleonic charge.

Two Kinds of Charge

We have come a long way from the simple atoms of thirty years ago. We now have two kinds of charge: electric charge and 'nucleonic' charge, which are the sources of electric and nuclear forces. Some particles, like the electron, carry electric charge only; the neutron has nucleonic charge only; the proton has both. But there seems to be yet another kind of charge which has been given the name of 'strangeness'—a bit of laboratory slang that has been taken into general use, at least for the time being. The name arose because that kind of charge had to be ascribed precisely to those so-called strange particles which were discovered last.

I call 'strangeness' a kind of charge because it is associated with a particle and subject to a conservation law. But in two ways it is rather different from electric and nucleonic charges. In the first place it is not, as far as we know, the source of any kind of force. Secondly, the conservation of 'strangeness' is not absolute: there are processes in which 'strangeness' is not conserved. I mentioned that the lightest of the hyperons, the lambda hyperon, transforms itself into a proton and a pion. But neither protons nor pions have strangeness. So this transformation would not be possible if strangeness were strictly conserved. It is a transformation that takes less than a thousand millionth of a second; a very short time, you might say, but in fact a million million times longer than it would take if there were not some obstacles that make it almost impossible. It was to explain that slowness of the decay of strange particles that the idea of 'strangeness' was invented.

The important point is that 'strangeness' gradually leaks away, as it were; if you give it time, about a thousand millionth of a second, it will be gone. But when you produce a strange particle there is no time for leaks: you have to work within the extremely brief span of a collision between two incredibly fast particles. Over such a short time, 'strangeness' must be strictly conserved; and so it was predicted that strange particles can only be produced two at a time, possessing opposite 'strangeness'.

Facts and Predictions

Indeed, it was found that lambda and sigma hyperons were always produced together with a K-meson, whereas the xi hyperon could only be made together with two K-mesons. So the xi must have *two* units of strangeness while the lambda and sigma have one and the K-meson has one unit of the opposite sign. With these assignments (and, of course, the opposite ones to the corresponding anti-particles) a great many facts have been accounted for and several striking predictions made; and no production process has ever been observed which did not conserve 'strangeness'.

This idea of a quantity that is conserved, but not strictly so, is another example of the kind of surprises we keep encountering as we explore the sub-atomic world. For a while 'strangeness' was the only quantity with that peculiar behaviour; then it was found that another quantity, whose complete conservation had

never been doubted, actually suffered from the same weakness. In January 1957, nuclear physicists everywhere were set on fire by the cryptic message: 'Parity is not conserved'. Parity, in mathematics, means the property of being either odd or even. From there, by way of generalization, the word parity has come to be applied to the so-called wave functions by which we describe systems of particles in quantum theory. Those functions usually have symmetry about the natural centre of the system, and it is relevant to compare points in opposite directions from that centre and at the same distance from it. If the two function values at those points are equal—whatever pair of points we choose—then the wave function is said to have even parity; if they are equal but of opposite sign, then the wave function has odd parity.

The Physicist's Symmetrical Laws

In order to explain to you what this means in practice, let me take you to one of these shop windows where a large mirror is used to increase the apparent size of the display. Usually the deception is quickly spotted when a package is seen to carry mirror writing, or when you notice a left-handed corkscrew. But if symmetrical objects only were displayed it would be more difficult to tell whether something you see is the thing itself or its reflection. Until 1957 the world of the physicist was like that. All his basic laws were symmetrical: the outcome of any experiment was unchanged if the apparatus was replaced by one constructed in every detail as its mirror image. This was considered obvious; space itself made no difference between right and left, so why should the laws of physics? In quantum theory this had the consequence that for any undisturbed system the parity of its wave function could never change, whatever transformations the systems went through. This law—the conservation of parity—was found very useful in unravelling the structure of atoms and nuclei, and was invariably valid.

The first sign of trouble came from the positive K-mesons. As I said before, some were found to change into two pions, some into three, and the corresponding wave functions turned out to have opposite parity. Did that mean that there were two kinds of K-mesons? They were very much alike in every other way; indeed, but for the parity difference, one would have said that they were identical. Tentatively, here and there, it was suggested that they were indeed identical, that there was only one kind of positive K-meson, capable of breaking up in different ways, but that the conservation of parity just did not hold in its transformation, any more than that of 'strangeness'.

The first open attack came from two young Chinese-born physicists, T. D. Lee and C. N. Yang, working in the U.S.A. They scrutinized all the evidence for parity conservation and found it quite strong for a wide range of phenomena. But they found no clear evidence for it in spontaneous processes that are slow, either because a neutrino has to be formed, as in beta decay, or because strangeness is not conserved, as in the decay of strange particles. So Lee and Yang suggested several experiments for testing parity conservation in those beta-like transformations. Their challenge was taken up; their suspicion was confirmed; and within a few months a large number of experiments were performed whose outcome did change when the apparatus was replaced by its mirror image. For instance, more electrons were counted when a counter was placed to the right rather than the left of an otherwise symmetrical arrangement; such a result would previously have been thought impossible.

Left-handed and Right-handed Spin

From those experiments the following simple conclusion emerged: in all beta-like processes, particles that have spin tend to emerge with left-handed spin about their line of motion, like bullets fired from a rifle with left-handed rifling; but any anti-particles tend to have right-handed spin. This tendency is in direct proportion with the speed with which the particle is flung out, and is complete for the neutrinos, which have no mass and, like the photon, always travel at the speed of light. So the neutrino has always a left-handed spin, the anti-neutrino always a right-handed spin, and that seems to be the only difference between them. Electrons and positrons are preferentially emitted with left-handed and right-handed spin, respectively, and the preference

is the weaker the lower the speed at which they are emitted. All this is, of course, a verbal and rather vague translation of laws that are mathematical and precise.

At first, people were shocked that nature should make a distinction between left and right. But although nature makes a distinction, she shows no preference! Whether the spin will tend to the left or the right depends on whether it belongs to a particle or an antiparticle; that distinction, however, is a matter of convention. We say that everything around us is made of particles, whereas antiparticles are very rare; but in some other parts of the universe those antiparticles may well be dominant. Matter, as we know it, consists of electrons, protons, and neutrons; but we can imagine 'anti-matter', consisting of positrons, negative protons, and anti-neutrons. In our galaxy such anti-matter would be quickly annihilated; but there are millions of other galaxies, and some of them may be 'anti-galaxies', made from anti-matter. They would probably contain planets, some of them perhaps inhabited by physicists who would call *matter* what we call *anti-matter*; and if they adopted our convention whereby anti-neutrinos—which they would call neutrinos—spin to the right, then they would call right what we call left.

So nature has not become unsymmetrical by the discoveries of 1957; her two great symmetries have merely been merged into one. Previously we had, on the one hand, the symmetry between right and left, or between an object and its mirror image; on the other hand, that between positive and negative charge, or between matter and anti-matter. Now we know that only a simultaneous change-over from right to left and from matter to anti-matter will leave all the laws of physics unchanged, including those of the beta-like transformations, for which parity is not conserved. To my mind, that is a result of great importance and beauty.

Two Kinds of Galaxies?

We still do not know whether nature at large really shows that same symmetry. In other words, are there as many anti-galaxies as galaxies? The trouble is, they will look exactly alike. But if both kinds exist then occasionally a galaxy and an anti-galaxy will happen to pass through the same region of space at the same time. In that process of interpenetration, which lasts a million years or so and can hardly be called a 'collision', their stars would practically never collide, but the gaseous parts of both galaxies would be greatly heated by wholesale annihilation, and this might be detected spectroscopically. However, a lot of heat is also produced when two galaxies of the *same* kind meet, and the distinction is not easily drawn. Only a few pairs of interpenetrating galaxies have so far been spotted; one of them contains extremely hot gas, so here indeed we may be watching a galaxy and an anti-galaxy, locked in deadly embrace. But we do not feel sure, as yet.

Let us come back to Earth. Where do we stand? Thirty particles are well established; are there any others? Probably yes. Recently some evidence was published for the existence of a meson with *two* units of 'strangeness', almost as heavy as a proton, and of its antiparticle. The evidence is not conclusive but plausible, and such a particle would indeed fit well into the existing framework. But of course the framework itself need not limit us; it has a certain symmetry which looks like completeness, yet it may be only part of a wider framework. Perhaps there are still stranger particles, with properties undreamt of so far.

But is it not unlikely that the foundation of our universe should be so complex? Could it not be, perhaps, that the particles that we now consider as fundamental are composed of still smaller particles, just as John Dalton's chemical atom was found to be composed of electrons, protons, and neutrons? I do not think that is likely. If we recall the steps that have taken us down to the sub-atomic world we find that at every step we have had to leave behind some of our everyday conceptions, such as colour, solidity, causality; and I am convinced that the very idea of compositeness must be left behind if we want to understand the sub-atomic particles. There are various indications that the laws of geometry itself are breaking down when we come to those sub-microscopic dimensions, and I think that some radically new way of thinking will be needed before those fundamental particles can be really understood.—*Third Programme*



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B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

January 27–February 2

Wednesday, January 27

The French Cabinet meet to discuss the Algerian situation

Mr. Macmillan arrives in Johannesburg to begin a visit to South Africa

It is agreed at a round table conference in Brussels that the Belgian Congo will become independent on June 30

Thursday, January 28

M. Delouvrier, the Delegate-General of Algeria, appeals to the settlers to remain loyal to General de Gaulle or face civil war. He and the Commander-in-Chief move out of the capital and set up their headquarters at an army camp in the country

The London talks on Cyprus end

The report is published on last year's riots at Carlton Approved School

Talks held at Birmingham in an effort to end the dispute at British Motor Corporation's plants break down

Friday, January 29

President de Gaulle broadcasts to the French nation

After a break-down of talks with the British Transport Commission, the National Union of Railwaymen calls for a national strike from February 15

Saturday, January 30

Rioting crowds stop play in the second Test match at Trinidad

Mr. Sean Lemass, the Prime Minister of the Irish Republic, at a press conference in London, replies to recent criticisms of treatment of horses being exported from his country

Sunday, January 31

General Crépin, the Military Commander in Algiers, is given full powers to restore order by the Delegate-General, M. Delouvrier

It is announced that China and Burma have settled a long-standing dispute over territory on their common frontier

Monday, February 1

The revolt in Algiers ends

London's Underground services are curtailed by a token one-day strike

Israeli and Syrian armed units clash in the demilitarized zone south of the Sea of Galilee

Tuesday, February 2

French Prime Minister asks the National Assembly to give the Government special powers for a year

Governor of Nyasaland to appoint a judge to inquire into the disturbance in Blantyre on January 26

National Gallery to receive £128,000 from the Treasury towards the cost of a picture by Rembrandt



The two leaders of the short-lived revolt in Algeria: Pierre Lagillaire (left), who was arrested on February 1, and Joseph Ortiz, who, after the collapse of the revolt, was reported to have disappeared.



President de Gaulle, whose broadcast to the French nation on January 29 contributed to the collapse of the revolt in Algeria. He is seen on his way to visit the Council of State in Paris last week



A scene from 'La Fille Mal Gardée' which opened at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, last



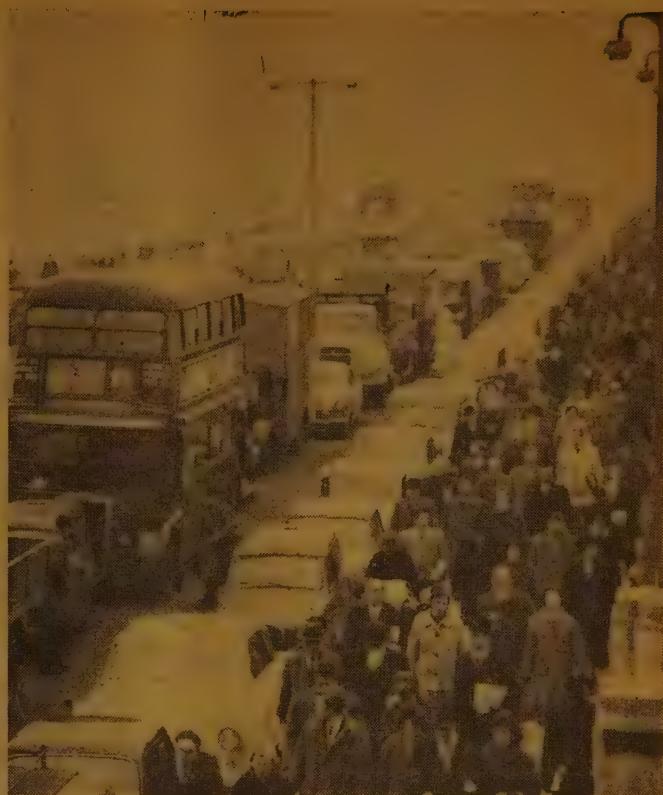
Rioters being chased from the field by police on the third day of the second Test Match at Port of Trinidad; last Saturday. The crowd showered bottles and tins on the pitch and play was suspended for the



Algiers manning a barricade (foreground) in the Rue Charles Péguy last weekend. On February 1, nine days after the insurrection, the rebels surrendered to the army



The flooded Birmingham to Nottingham road near Sawley last Sunday after the River Trent overran its banks. Early this week thirteen main roads, mostly in the Midlands, were still affected



Cars and pedestrians on Waterloo Bridge last Monday during the twenty-four-hour token strike which affected many lines of London's Underground railway. The chaotic condition of the traffic during the evening rush-hour was said to have been the worst ever experienced in central London



A Swiss farmer who has fitted the leading cows of his herds with headlamps as a precaution against approaching traffic in mist



Right: chimpanzees at the London Zoo show off a new trick

A Conversation with George Moore

By SEWELL STOKES

ONE day, in the year 1929, I wrote to two celebrities asking if I might interview them for a book of 'profiles' I had in mind. My first reply came from the younger of the two men, who wrote: 'Please don't think me ungracious, but I feel I've had too much publicity lately, and honestly I don't want any more'. This note came from 111 Ebury Street, and was signed 'Noël Coward'. My second reply, arriving a day later, came from 121 Ebury Street, and said: 'Mr. George Moore will be pleased to see you at tea-time'.

So to George Moore's house I went some days later, rather intimidated by the thought of all those distinguished figures who had preceded me: the famous writers and artists whose discussions and arguments with their host he had afterwards published in the book we now know as *Conversations in Ebury Street*.

It was Clara who opened the front door to me, the housekeeper employed by Mr. Moore in his old age to look after him and keep stray callers from interrupting her master's sacred work. But being an invited guest, I was at once escorted by the good woman up the narrow staircase to a room at the top of the house: a small room lit by a green-shaded lamp, filled with books, and scattered manuscripts, and galley-proofs, and George Moore himself—stretched dreamily in an easy chair, before a coal fire.

I said: 'It was most kind of you to allow me to come. May I say how much I appreciate being here?' Mr. Moore waved the compliment aside. 'Not at all', he said, 'I liked the tone of your letter, Mr. Stokes'.

There was no reason, I am afraid, why he should not have liked it. I had said that one of my reasons for wanting to meet him was that I considered him to be the greatest novelist alive. In those days flattery was a bait I had no qualms about using when I wanted to catch my fish, and I seldom knew it to fail. Though in fairness to myself, I should add, that in this particular instance I had meant precisely what I said. To me George Moore was something of an idol. Above all I admired his intense devotion to his art, which allowed no reservations. He believed the work of the artist to be of supreme importance—more important than anything else on the face of the earth. Because I distrusted myself for being a hopeless sentimental, I had been deeply impressed by a story told of George Moore during the first world war.

One morning, so the story goes, Mr. Moore walked into his newsagent's to buy a newspaper and as he was about to leave he noticed a headline announcing that bombs had been dropped from a zeppelin in the neighbourhood of the

Royal Hospital, Chelsea. 'Good heavens!' he cried, 'I do hope that that beautiful piece of architecture has been spared'. 'Is it merely the bricks and mortar you're worried about?' exclaimed the man behind the counter, throwing up his hands in amazement. 'Why, bricks and mortar can always be put together again. But

which Mr. St. John Ervine had recently taken Mr. Moore to task over a matter entirely unrelated to prose style.

'Is it true', I asked, 'that you have an aversion to all dogs? What harm has a dog ever done you?' Mr. Moore stared into the fire, and I had the feeling that it would not at all have displeased him to find Mr. Ervine there, sizzling among the red embers. 'Of course I do not dislike dogs', he said, 'I cannot think why Mr. Ervine ever said that I did'. Then he added, a trifle patronizingly: 'Ervine writes quite nicely, but he makes stupid mistakes, which annoy me. If a dog comes along and messes up my doorstep, naturally I do not like it. Would Ervine?'

There was an amusing sequel to that remark of Moore's about the dog and the doorstep. I included it in my book of 'profiles', which when it was published Harold Nicolson reviewed for the *Evening Standard*. Mr. Nicolson said in his review: 'If Mr. Stokes insists upon interviewing our stylists, he should learn shorthand. Mr. Moore would never have said "messes up my doorstep"'. Mr. Nicolson was perfectly right. George Moore had in fact used a far less polite word. I wrote to Nicolson telling him this, and he replied: 'I was amused, for in my review of your book I had said the words Mr. Moore would actually have used were "deposit dung on my doorstep!"' The editor cut these words out, evidently sharing your idea that they were quite unprintable. But why? The word "dung" occurs with great frequency in garden books written by elderly ladies'. I cannot remember now if I ever told Sir Harold the word Moore had actually used. But if I did, I am sure he agreed with me that some words are better left unsaid, even at the expense of accuracy.

I doubt if George Moore had much affection for dogs—even well-behaved ones—but it is certain that he had none whatever for his compatriot, Bernard Shaw. I had read somewhere that Mr. Moore made it a rule never to discuss his very good friend, Shaw. That was enough to make me put his friendly reticence to the test. He could only snub me by refusing to answer my question, which was, 'Tell me, Mr. Moore, what, on the whole, is your opinion of Shaw?'

There was a moment's utter silence. From his frowning countenance it was impossible to tell whether Mr. Moore was considering the answer to my question or deciding how he should rebuke me for daring to ask it. At last he said, quietly, yet with a sort of suppressed fury: 'Perhaps you will tell me why Shaw is such a vulgarian? Why? Why? I cannot understand it. This everlasting pose of his as the Great Man. How sick one gets of it. And it's not as if it were an original pose, either; he has simply borrowed



George Moore: a pastel drawing by Henry Tonks
National Portrait Gallery

human life is sacred'. 'You are wrong', Mr. Moore told him. 'And as for human life, why any kitchen-maid and scullion can produce it in five minutes or less'.

I wish that I could produce for you an echo of George Moore's voice. It was as soothing as his prose, yet never lacking in emphasis. A fearless, at times an impatient, old man he seemed to be; shapeless in figure, with hair like white thistle-down and the smooth pink complexion of a baby. I hardly knew how to start the conversation and he gave me no sign of coming to my assistance. I recalled the immortal conversations that had taken place between my host and his illustrious guests in this same house, and I felt very much at a loss. To ask his opinion of Henry James's prose style would have been in order; but I funk'd it, because at that time I had only a limited acquaintance with James's work. So I took the plunge by referring to an essay in

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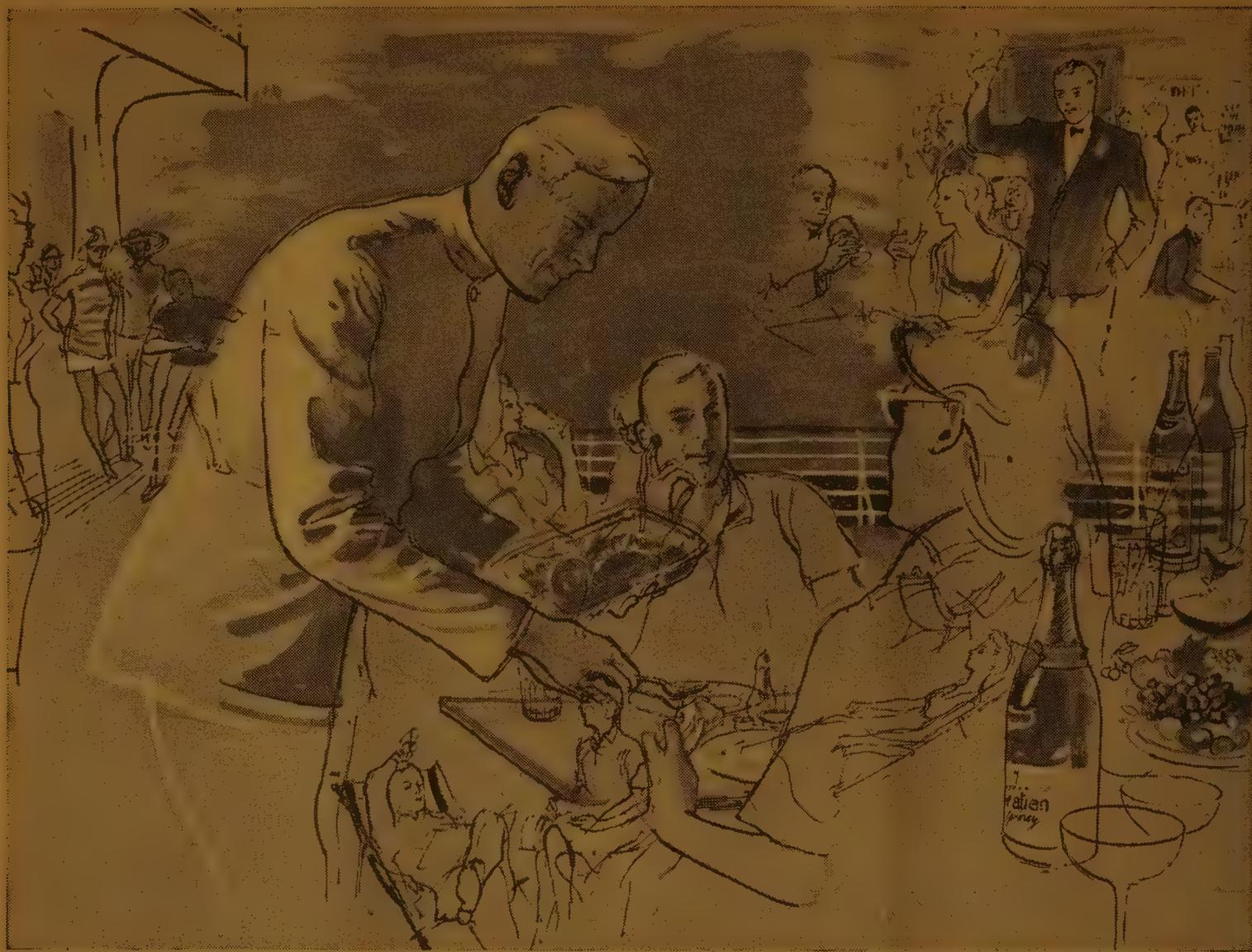
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from Whistler. These shouts of his about his own greatness are like a red-herring that is ragged through the streets for the crowd to follow after. Besides, he's not a great man at all. I cannot sit through his plays. *Candida* made me sick'.

Tea was brought in by Clara, and poured by the host. Conversation flowed tranquilly, for the most part in praise of the past. But being a young man myself, I felt bound to ask this eminent Victorian if he had nothing good to say of the present generation; had he perhaps come across a youthful novelist who showed at least some promise? 'I do not read modern novels as a rule', said Mr. Moore; 'but there is David Garnett's *Mariner's Return*; and had I plenty of time before me in which to do it, I would help Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith to rewrite her novel, *Green Apple Harvest*. In that book she has a story and some good characters. She should rewrite it'.

Sheila Kaye-Smith happened to be a friend of mine. She admired Moore's work as greatly as I did; and in a spirit of some humility she sent him copies of her books, hoping they might please him. But I doubt if it ever occurred to her that he would want the books rewritten. She should have known better, for in the whole history of literature there can never have been an author so obsessed by an urge to rewrite his own, and everybody else's, books. If I had not been aware already of what a fanatic he was in this respect, what perfection in the written word he demanded, I was to have the fact made plain to me before I left Ebury Street that afternoon.

Most of George Moore's books, those he was particularly attached to, anyway, he revised several times, and brought out new editions of

them to celebrate the event. Only the last, most perfectly pruned edition, ever really satisfied him. On this, to him, supremely important matter, he spoke to me at some length after the tea things had been removed, and their place on the table taken by a copy of *The Brook Kerith*. We sat together with the precious work in front of us. Which edition it happened to be I cannot now remember, but it was the latest to come from the press. Mr. Moore handled the volume almost lovingly, turning to this page and that, praising the set of the type, now and again reading a sentence aloud that he confessed with some surprise he had no recollection of having written. Here indeed was an artist, one not displeased with his own work. Having read me a passage from the book, he looked up, and said with satisfaction: 'It is hard prose which is always easy to read. Only soft prose is difficult—one always gets stuck in it'.

Mr. Moore read another passage from the book, at the end of which he lapsed into silence, with his eyes still on the page. Then he said: 'Reading through a book of mine I come across a word I want out. It is like weeding a lawn of daisies. "Another daisy!" I exclaim, "and another". They all have to come out until the book is as perfect as I can make it'.

'But here', I said, 'you have a perfect book at last, one that needs no more weeding'. Mr. Moore shook his head. 'There is one daisy in it, I believe', he said, 'a friend of mine has told me of it. But I hardly think I shall go all through the book again to find it'. Nevertheless he returned to the book, and I was left to watch him as he slowly turned the pages. It did occur to me that my host might have found some other occasion to weed his literary lawn, and that the interview was proving somewhat unproductive

so far as I was concerned. I imagined myself sitting in that room all night while the gardener pursued his meticulous labour. Young men are inclined to be impatient, and I was no exception. 'Mr. Moore', I said, 'if you had an opportunity of meeting authors now dead, which two would you choose to hold conversation with?' Once I had asked it, the question sounded absurd. I wished I had held my tongue. I felt as if I had asked him why the chicken crossed the road. And it was a great relief to me when the old man raised his head and said: 'Shelley and Turgenev. I once met the Russian, but only for a short time'.

I could have wished that my visit to Ebury Street had ended on a perhaps warmer note. But it was not to be. Mr. Moore returned to the subject of his books and their revision, and said how much it pleased him to have every page completely filled with words. By this he meant that the 'white channel', as he called it, which results from a sentence coming to an end before it reached a margin, offended his eye. To avoid one, and make the page a solid block of print, he had sometimes gone to the trouble of lengthening a sentence to make a perfect fit. 'But', I said, 'surely, to change a sentence merely for the sake of what it looks like on the page is going a bit too far'.

It was obvious that I had gone a bit too far. Mr. Moore made no comment. But instinctively I knew that the hour for my departure had arrived.

You may have thought that when, earlier, I referred to David Garnett's novel as *The Mariner's Return*, I misquoted Mr. Moore, because the correct title is *The Sailor's Return*. But I take no responsibility for the mistake: it was just another of Mr. Moore's daisies.

—Home Service

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Communism and British Intellectuals

Sir,—If Mr. A. H. Hanson had read my talk in THE LISTENER of January 7) more carefully before rushing to the defence of his Stalinist past, he would have noticed the irrelevance of two of his points.

First, the claim was not that I can improve on the marxism of the Communist Party intellectuals of the nineteen-thirties but that Marx had already done this (and, if he likes, that Trotsky was doing it all through that period). Secondly, it is perhaps my fault if it was not clear that the term 'intellectual' was used more narrowly both by Dr. Wood and by myself than it is by Mr. Hanson. University students are all potential intellectuals in my sense; but when I characterized the Communist Party intellectuals of the 'thirties I did not intend to include them as such, and I do not think that Dr. Wood intended this either.

I find the technique of the rest of Mr. Hanson's letter disingenuous. For he carefully avoids explaining how much of his former position he stands by. Anyone who could avoid facing the truth about the Moscow trials or the treatment of POUM and the anarchists in Spain or the falsification of Soviet history certainly has little

right to use phrases like 'political degenerates' without explanation or apology.

When Mr. Hanson avows how profoundly he and his friends believed in revolution he brings forward nothing to falsify my thesis that in fact he and his friends were effectively politically muzzled by the Communist Party. Indeed, his whole letter, with its ceremonial cursing of Trotskyites and its idealization of what was in many ways a shabby political episode, may serve to remind us once again how often new bourgeois is but old Stalinist writ small.

Yours, etc.,
Leeds, 2 ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

Sir,—Perhaps we should put up with Mr. MacIntyre's provocations for the sake of the suggestive ideas which fellow-travel with them. The assertion that 'for the last thirty years the Communist Party has been an essentially conservative force' is no more than a specious Third Programme paradox; but the related idea that the revolutionary disillusionment, which has been repeatedly engendered by the corruptions of orthodox communism, has acted to divert and dissipate radical feeling seems to me true and important. The assertion that communist

intellectuals in the past thirty years made no 'specifically intellectual contribution' to the socialist movement is ridiculous; but the suggestion that this contribution was inhibited whenever it touched upon sensitive points of theory or policy can be amply documented. Mr. MacIntyre's error throughout is to develop true insights with such logical rigour and disregard of history that he reduces them to absurdity.

As Mr. Hanson points out, some of Mr. MacIntyre's confusions are grounded in the earlier confusions of Dr. Neal Wood's *Communism and the British Intellectuals*. The latter seems to me a bad piece of historical writing; and surely even a philosopher should apply at least some historical tests to such a work before erecting, upon its basis, a super-structure of assertions?

I must admit to a personal grievance here. Mr. MacIntyre helps forward his argument with a quotation from myself, descriptive of the plight of intellectuals within the C.P. apparatus:

... in the toils of a bureaucracy which demands everything from them, from stamp licking to *Daily Worker* selling, except honest intellectual work...

Mr. MacIntyre has taken this quotation, in

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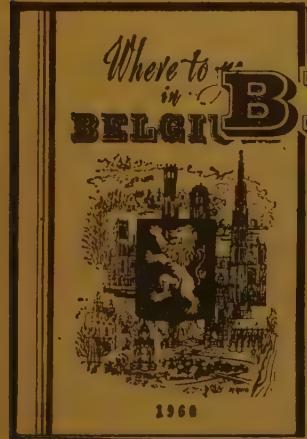


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abbreviated form, from an abbreviated quotation resented out of context on page 155 of Dr. Wood's book. The full sentence, in my article in the first number of *Universities and Left Review*, reads:

In a period of such significance for socialist theory as this, they can no longer waste time and energy in the toils of a bureaucracy which demands everything from them, from stamp licking to *Daily Worker* selling, except honest intellectual work; which hedges ideas around with dogmatic anathemas, and inhibits their expression with disciplinary measures.

The first requisite in historian or socialist theorist is a sense of *context*. My comment was offered in a context when the internal opposition journal, *The Reasoner*, had been 'banned' and the Hungarian Revolution suppressed. This was the culminating crisis of a whole series of encounters within the communist movement, whose existence both Dr. Wood and Mr. MacIntyre do not recognize because they assume from the start that the conflict between casuism and integrity was unreal and that all communist intellectuals were dupes.

I now find that, like other 'useful quotes', my comment has been rubbed down into the easy coinage of second-hand historical gossip, and is offered as a *general* assessment of the *whole* truth as to relations between intellectuals and apparatus over a period of *thirty* years.

This I know from experience to be untrue. True, there were shocking examples of King Street interference, some of which are now part of the folklore of the socialist movement. But there was also much valuable and original work, often of a co-operative nature, often receiving generous support from the same bureaucracy. Men and women like Ralph Fox, Montagu Slater, Dona Torr (to name three no longer alive to defend themselves) displayed in their lives a poise between practical engagement and intellectual integrity which would put most professional intellectuals today to shame.

In a letter I can only defend their memory: and insist that the problem is complex. But it is about time that the complexities of historical discipline replaced the orthodoxies of Stalinists, anti-Stalinists, and Liberal Smugwumps. We have had, in the past forty years in Europe, a revolution, a counter-revolution, and a very big war. In that mess I do not think the communists of the 'thirties (and why are the 'forties never mentioned?) had time to perform 'ritualized pseudo-conflicts'. And Mr. MacIntyre adds his own original mite to mis-history by suggesting that many of those prominent in the internal communist revolt of 1956 have joined with British Trotskyists to form the Socialist Labour League. Will he name three? Not one of those who were actively associated with John Saville and myself in *The Reasoner* episode has done this. It is true that we remain on the left of British politics. But we have tried to equip ourselves to take part in the work of a 'new' left—not a reversion to a mirror-opposite of the dogmas of the old. Here, once again, Mr. MacIntyre has carried a true insight, in defiance of the evidence, to the point of absurdity.

Yours, etc.,

E. P. THOMPSON

The Public and the Polls

Sir,—May I reply to Mr. MacRae's letter in *THE LISTENER* of January 21? He is arguing

essentially that, politically, both the polls and 'psephology' have lost prestige: (1) because the polls, which 'were not needed to forecast' a Conservative victory, did 'grossly' underestimate its extent; (2) because the belief in a uniform national swing is now shaken, and (3) because they wrongly suggested that Liberal intervention would harm the Conservatives.

I have no wish to defend the claims of 'psephology' as such. But I disagree with Mr. MacRae on all three counts.

(1) Certainly, as I said, the extent of the Conservative victory was underestimated—but not by much. It is right to ask me what I averaged, and I did not go into details only to avoid choking the air with statistics. In fact, I averaged the percentage estimates of support for the three main parties together with 'others' when given, after eliminating the 'don't knows'. In doing so, I merely followed customary practice, including that of David Butler in his election studies. By this method, the largest average error of any poll on the direct question about voting intention was 1.0 per cent., and the grand average of all four polls was 0.7 per cent. These errors are no greater than in the 1955 election. Mr. MacRae may reasonably feel that, politically, other methods of assessing error might make more sense—and the obvious ones are either to average Conservative and Labour figures alone, or better still to take the error in estimating the lead. I would agree—but in fact it makes no difference. By these alternative methods, the grand averages of the four polls are respectively 0.8 per cent. and 1.1 per cent.; only one of the four underestimated the lead by more than 1.0 per cent., two of them coming within 0.4 per cent. and 0.6 per cent. I still do not think these results warrant talk of failure.

Mr. MacRae also says that the possible error by chance of 3 per cent. 'would be total failure in most elections'—I presume he means post-war British elections, where the parties are evenly balanced. So it would. However, the figure of 3 per cent. is a statistical limit that could be expected in practice only about three times in a thousand. But in any case, a government trying to use the polls for guidance would be foolish to bank on a lead of only 3 per cent. They would also need slack for possible trends during the campaign. At the start of this election the Conservative lead was over 6 per cent.—large enough perhaps to cover both sampling errors and an adverse trend that was not actually a landslide.

As for the polls not being needed to forecast a Conservative victory, Mr. MacRae may not have needed them but it looks as though many members of the Labour Party did, to judge from the comments about mistaking enthusiasm for wide support.

(2) I agree that there was no uniform national swing in this election—but belief in its uniformity had already been shaken in 1955. I gather that the computers at work in 1959 were no longer relying slavishly on the so-called 'cube law'.

(3) On the question of Liberal intervention, David Butler at least has argued in the *Daily Telegraph* of November 27 that, if anything, the Liberals did harm the Conservatives, despite the myth of their harm to Labour that has grown up since the election.

What, then, of the place of the polls in contemporary politics? This, of course, depends on

the beliefs of those most concerned, such as politicians and leader-writers. If these are still convinced of the alleged failure, then indeed the polls will have lost influence. I have been trying to argue merely that this talk is unjustified by the evidence. But in fact the picture is not as uniform as Mr. MacRae implies. *The Economist* at least—a paper of no mean influence—has come to the defence of the polls.

Finally, if indeed the polls have lost prestige, then I join with Mr. MacRae in applauding the lessened danger of government by opinion poll. I did not mention this danger only because it seemed to me one that was already familiar. I am still not, however, convinced that the place of the polls in the politics of today is so permanently damaged.—Yours, etc.,

Swansea

D. E. G. PLOWMAN

Ludwig Wittgenstein

Sir,—Mr. Erich Heller (*THE LISTENER*, January 28) says: 'Wittgenstein came from Austria—as do the mottoes he chose for both his books, the *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* and *Philosophical Investigations*'. But the article by his successor, Professor G. H. von Wright (*Philosophical Review*, October 1955, page 533) says '... the ms. of his *Logisch-philosophische Abhandlung*, which is generally known by the Latin title proposed for it by G. E. Moore, *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*'. Doesn't *Tractatus* mean a treatment or an essay by one author, but *Abhandlung* something more like a discussion or negotiations bringing in more than a single author? Anyway, the actual words come from Cambridge, not Austria.

Yours etc.,

Totnes

HUGH HECKSTALL-SMITH

'The Thirties'

Sir,—In my letter published in *THE LISTENER* of January 21 you allowed me to ask '... when shall we be allowed to hear and see the other side of the story of "The Thirties"?'?

May I send this note to say that the B.B.C. has answered the question promptly and handsomely? 'Scrapbook for 1932' (Home Service, January 24) did everything a sound programme could do to restore the balance that seemed to be lacking in the television presentation of 'The Thirties'.—Yours, etc.,

Richmond, Surrey HERBERT ADDISON

Hawksmoor and Blenheim

Sir,—I know I could have done with twice the space you could set aside for my review of Mr. Downes's *Hawksmoor*, if only to discuss more fully the fascinating problem of what Hawksmoor owed to Wren, what Vanbrugh owed to Wren, what Hawksmoor owed to Vanbrugh, and what Vanbrugh to Hawksmoor. Had I been able to do so, your correspondent, Mr. Parry, would perhaps not have trod so confidently—realizing that he was in territory where angels tread gently.

Vanbrugh's role as an architect at Blenheim was 'purely nominal', and he 'was never asked to give professional advice in any way that mattered'? I would not have assumed that anybody could read this into my review. Nor would it have been read into it by anybody familiar with Vanbrugh's letters, Professor Geoffrey Webb's admirable introduction to them, and Mr. Whistler's two books.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1.

NIKOLAUS PEVSNER

Painting of the Month

Uccello's 'St. George and the Dragon'

By SIR PHILIP HENDY, Director of the National Gallery

This is the first of a series of twelve talks which are being broadcast each month in 1960 in the Home Service and in Network Three. Each month an expert will analyse a masterpiece which he particularly admires and discuss its place in the history of world painting

IT is never safe to assume that what one sees in a work of art is what the artist intended one to see; and it is very risky in such a case as Uccello's 'St. George and the Dragon', painted perhaps almost exactly 500 years ago—half a millennium. André Malraux, in that collection of a thousand half-truths *The Voices of Silence*, says that it is a law that every work of art must undergo a metamorphosis in the eyes of each generation. There is something in what he says; but we should miss a good deal if we looked at Uccello's picture only for what it has in it of the abstract expressionism of today; and we shall gain almost everything if we can only get Uccello's point. So I am going to take the risk of trying to explain what I think Uccello meant us to see in this little picture, and produce what evidence I can to support it.

We must begin with the story; for, when an artist had a story to tell, there can be no doubt that this is what he had to think of first. The story of St. George and the Dragon is as old as the hills. It is the ancient folk-tale of a monster who threatens a whole kingdom with extinction unless he is served regularly with his favourite food, a toothsome virgin, and of how, just as the king's own daughter is about to be gobbled up, a young hero of humble origin extinguishes the monster. Frazer in *The Golden Bough* tells us that versions of this tale 'have been found from Japan and Annam in the east to Senegambia, Scandinavia and Scotland in the west'. Like other prehistoric legends it was incorporated into Christian lore, to swell the ranks of the saints. And now, in a new era, when a great bursting of intellectual bonds has released a new surge of artistic invention, Uccello is making sport of it for the old fairy-tale that it is. He pokes fun at chivalry, at knights-errant who go about rescuing princesses. This knight is as innocent as they make them, almost a babe-in-arms—if you will excuse the pun. And his milk-white steed rears up and pounces like an exploding kitten, with teeth bared and flaring nostrils, and that slightly dotty look in the bright, unfocused eye.

Naturally Uccello makes fun of dragons. This poor literary beast, ancestor of the Jabberwock, is an embarrassed assemblage of fearful but contradictory extremities—easy game even for a teenage knight. Our artist's wit was more prophetic than Sir John Tenniel's: he has given his monster wing-markings that would be useful in the twentieth century.

And as for princesses, this one is

guaranteed to feel the pea through the mattress. The dragon has got the dinner he deserved, for there is scarcely more to eat on our princess than on one of those economical baby *poussins*; certainly no more taste, for she, too, has been preserved from all the rigours of the atmosphere. She already has her dragon nonchalantly on a lead; such a girl could never be put to serious inconvenience. I know her having the dragon tied up with her girdle is justified by the next episode in the story as it is told in the *Golden Legend*; but I doubt if to Uccello that was more than an excuse for further fun.

I am confident that this sense of fun is one of his outstanding characteristics. After all, the Italians are infinitely more gay than the English or the Germans who write about their pictures, and they must have been gayer still in the fifteenth century, when they were the life and soul of Europe. As an artist, Uccello was very serious indeed; but there is no evidence in his pictures that he took very seriously either God or man or beast. There is some evidence to the contrary. Those enchanting little panels at Urbino with the 'Story of the Profanation of the Host' are painted in the spirit of 'cautionary tales' and might be called the ancestors of all comic strips if they were not so ravishingly beautiful. Those were the predella to an altarpiece which there is every reason to believe was commissioned likewise of Uccello and turned down when his patrons saw what it was going to be like. It seems to me very probable that it was Uccello's

handling of the subject that shocked Donatello in the lost fresco with 'The Incredulity of St. Thomas' in Florence. The New Testament was evidently quite the wrong field, not only for his sense of fun but for his fantasy and for that wayward, surrealist invention which makes his frescos with the 'Story of Noah' so arresting.

All these qualities are employed to the full in the large battle scene, 'The Rout of San Romano', on three panels, of which we luckily possess the best preserved in the National Gallery. It would normally be best to look at this picture first because its large scale and its decorative function and the more or less contemporary subject make the artist's point of view more obvious. But it is being cleaned and I am afraid, at the moment, is inaccessible. However, many of you will remember Uccello's preoccupation with knights in armour and their chargers. In his day mounted knights were all too ordinary and, like all familiar things, must have been taken for granted by ordinary people. But to him, though they may well have often clattered past his studio, they remained as exotic as they are to us. Perhaps it would be a more worthy comparison to say that Uccello must have looked at things much as Picasso looks at them today, and to either of them a man in armour would be a fascinating visual phenomenon, appealing to his combined senses of humour and fantasy and design. We know from a few drawings and from other pictures that Uccello was fascinated by the more geometrical problems of draughts-



'St. George and the Dragon', by Paolo Uccello: in the National Gallery

ship; and to a man with such a mind the fight in armour was a gift of the times, a ride to the powers he most loved to. Uccello got full value out of the metal bars and tubes, drawn at all angles, and out of problem of relating these to the shining discs, concave or convex. In the kind of composition, taut in idea, formal in design, which these iron, mineral shapes suggested to the artist, animal and vegetable had to be reduced to mules which would fit equally well into the other artificial design. That is why the horses to be distinguished from their wooden interparts on the fair-ground only by a more poetic quality; while a rose-hedge and an orange-grove provide the background to the fight.

Not a 'Primitive'

When the fifteenth-century Florentines were discovered in the early nineteenth century, contemporary painters were expected to do little more than trick the eye by the imitation of superficial appearances. So it was assumed too readily that these painters of the early Renaissance had been after much the same banal thing; that, if these chargers of Uccello's looked rather like rocking horses, it was because the man was a 'primitive', doing his best, but only in the early stages of learning how to produce complete fusions. And at the same time the full boldness of Uccello's ideas was difficult to appreciate. Dirt and old varnish and over-painting deliberately tended to subdue them had overlaid the clarity of the colours, the cleanliness of the outlines, the solidity of the forms, the depth of the space, and the light on which all these qualities depend. Cézanne and the artists of the twentieth century have taught us to look for qualities like these again in pictures; and when Uccello's battle scene goes back on the wall with much of its lively colour and its third dimension restored to it, we shall see more clearly that the twentieth-century artist was not the first to distort his forms and use arbitrary colour and amplify the lighting for the sake of integrating everything into a formal composition in three dimensions. They were only more gentlemanly about it in the fifteenth century, when there were no exhibitions and there was less need for each artist to be conspicuous above the rest.

Uccello was no primitive. He may have been a naive man in some respects—perhaps most great artists are; but he must have been exceedingly sophisticated as a painter. Was he not heir to the greatest painting tradition that we know of, which for at least 200 years had had its fountain source in Florence? Was not the battle scene painted for the Medici Palace, in which he should have seemed pedestrian intruders from a drab mechanical background? More interesting than what the Medici thought of this is what Uccello would have thought of Picasso. They should have found much in common. In his excellent biography of Picasso, Roland Penrose tells us that he has always been much concerned with the need to reconcile painting as a reconstruction of form, as an illusion of the third dimension, with painting as an actual flat surface which must, as such, have its own texture and its value as decoration. That battle scene of Uccello's is surely one of the historic examples of this problem most beautifully solved. And Uccello would surely have approved of an aphorism of Picasso's, that

the purpose of art is to tell us what nature is not like.

I have talked about the battle picture because its large scale and its decorative function make its qualities obvious. The good artist of course varies the character of his pictures according to the purpose they fulfil; and 'St. George and the Dragon' is a wholly different kind of picture, it is on such a different scale and has such an intimate function to perform. As an example of its function, the trickle of water from the roof of the cave, which agitates the dragon's bath, cannot be seen in the reproduction, even if you know it is there. This was a picture one was intended to look into at close range. Its function was less decorative and the illusion had to be greater. Yet for that very reason the problem of design was a more intense one. The colour, for instance, could not be in bold patches; it had to be fused. Since the whole picture would be seen at a glance, everything in it had to be instantaneously comprehended, knit as closely as possible together. Whatever part you look at, you are led on into the design; and into the space, for the space is the design. The space is exciting in itself; it is a large part of the story. On either side, in the depth of the cavern and in the dark of the forest, there is a mystery; and yet the very shape of these things, of the lovely jagged structure of the mauve rock, of the green-black wedge of trees, draws one away, over the flower carpets—once much brighter green—in which Uccello delights, far away into the big meadow beyond and up to the very hills on which the town raises its white walls and towers. The moon and the three little clouds riding the sky, so deftly placed, are an enhancement to the magic of the space. Yet all this is a foil to the furious movement out of the space towards us of St. George on his charger, with his long lance directed by the vortex in the sky behind.

Legend has made the words 'Uccello' and 'perspective' synonymous. He did not invent linear perspective in pictures, or atmospheric perspective either. Linear perspective is all there in those low reliefs of Donatello's, which are a kind of bronze or marble picture—even to one with St. George and the Dragon, not very unlike this one, on Or San Michele in Florence. As for actual pictures, there is evidence that Brunelleschi painted two views of Florence in which all the problems of rendering architectural perspective pictorially were correctly solved. These two artists belonged to the generation before Uccello. Masaccio was more his age; but he had died, the author of a famous perspective effect in a picture of 'The Annunciation', some time before Uccello, who was apparently slow in developing, had painted anything of the kind.

However, to know how to include a correct architectural perspective in a picture is quite a different thing from knowing how to design a picture in which every facet of the form is an integral part of the dynamic movement into or out of space. In 'St. George and the Dragon' only the rose-clad princess is on a plane with the actual picture surface; and how frail and tranquil this makes her beside the muscle-bound agitation of the green dragon, whose knotted and spiky forms radiate into every part of the picture. The dark pine-trunks of the middle distance and the white line of the distant city are on this plane too; and how motionless they seem against the dramatic movement of the rest. Movement is of the essence of this perspective

designing; it distinguishes Uccello's work as tranquillity distinguishes all the work that we know of Masaccio and Piero della Francesca.

When Uccello's wife, as Vasari tells us, could not get him to bed, when he would only call out 'What a sweet thing this perspective is' from the studio where he liked to work at night, this is surely what he was doing, locking together every facet of the forms he was creating into a three-dimensional design.

Masaccio knew about more things than linear perspective. In the Brancacci Chapel he painted light and shade as if all the light were coming from one source. And by now the Netherlandish painters were known in Florence, with their more empirical knowledge of how to create space by the representation of light and their subtle observation of the effect of light and shade upon form and colour. Uccello must have been aware of all these developments. Look at that mysterious half-light in the cave and in its broad shadow outside; look at the contrast between the colour values of the circles on the underside of the dragon's wing, in the shadow, and the same pink and blue on the upper side, in the light. Compare the magic atmosphere in this picture with the light in Botticelli's 'Mystic Nativity' in the same room at the National Gallery, the ordinary, candid Italian light in spite of the mysticism of the subject. There is nothing that Uccello did not know about light and its influence upon colour. But he was not going to clutter up his clean design with a lot of little cast shadows. The crescent moon is there not for a study of moonlight but for a symbol, the symbol of a magic hour. Uccello knows exactly what he needs, and eliminates everything else from his design.

I began by talking of the sense of fun that he reveals in the narrative element; but when one has considered his vision, the quality of the picture as a whole, then one has to use a much greater word. Uccello to me is that rare thing in the history of painting, a real wit. Great wit is a magic, which combines understanding with gaiety and imagination with both. It gives us comprehension in a flash. This picture, to me, is like a great flash of light. One can study its detail for ever and yet everything is so beautifully integrated that at a glance one sees it all, though 'all' means a long story and a huge space.

A Triumphant Moment

Uccello is not one of the great humanists, like Masaccio or Rembrandt. There is none of the grandeur or of the tragedy of human life here. The modern generation, which has turned its back on humanism, should give him very high marks for his preoccupation with design. He is surely one of the great designers of all time. But in three dimensions; and the modern generation has lost that control of the third dimension which the Renaissance took such pains to win. It has turned its back not only on the humanism of the Renaissance but on the victory that it won over nature by its study of natural appearances and its capacity to reproduce them. This picture is more than ever worth studying today; it shows in its small dimensions what infinite scope the study of space and light and movement will yield to the designer. To me it represents a triumphant moment, one of those rare, gay moments—oh, so rare in history—when there seems to be no problem because all the problems have been solved.

Round the London Art Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

IN view of the extraordinary talents that have come out of Spain in the present century, a new group of Spanish artists is likely to attract particular attention, and more especially from the mysterious arbiters of modern international art, the dark powers who alone can make currency of canvas. The work of ten young or youngish artists working in Spain is now on view in Tooth's Gallery, and they certainly give the impression of being well groomed for the international market. The preface to the catalogue suggests more than once that there is some affinity between the work of these painters and Spanish art of the past, but in fact it is doubtful whether anyone who saw these paintings without their labels could possibly guess that they came from Spain. They are all conceived in some current idiom of abstract art, and as such stand a very good chance of being welcomed by the soothsayers who divine, from indications as obscure as those which once enabled the future to be described in the entrails of birds, whether or no it would be wise to invest in a young artist.

But at least it can be said that some of these painters have added a few variations of their own. Their method, like that of so many other artists of the present day, is to go as far as possible in the direction of something that does not look like a picture and then at the last moment somehow or other introduce some trace of pictorial organization. Crazy splashes of paint, thick blobs which look as if they had been squashed out of the tube by mistake, unbroken washes of colour or vague shapes of such simplicity that no one would be likely to think them worth putting on canvas—all these familiar devices, some of which are used here, have the same function of leading the eye away from the expectation of art in order that the surprise may be the greater when the conjurer reveals that he has after all painted a picture. But here there is also Millares cutting holes in the canvas and crumpling it up, there is Tapiés arranging for the canvas to sag in folds, or again there is Lucio producing a kind of devastated area which looks as if it had been charred and blackened by fire. These are new or newish obstacles to the production of pictures, and if one wants to know whether they can be or have been surmounted it will be necessary to use a highly specialized kind of sensibility.

Eugene Berman, a Russian artist who worked in Paris before the last war but moved to America in 1940, is not very well known in this country though he has had a considerable success in the United States. His latest paintings and water-colours, done in Rome in 1958 and 1959, are exhibited at the Lefebvre Gallery, and show him to be a ruin-fancier but with a strain of ro-

costumes for the stage as in his curiously wry and pathetic studies of children. In general Bérard's work suggests that here was a sensitive and intelligent mind that could never quite express itself fully and freely in the medium of painting.

At Roland, Browse and Delbanco's Gallery Anthony Whishaw is holding his first one-man exhibition. He is an ambitious artist who is not in the least afraid of undertaking large compositions of many figures in movement; these are for the most part expressionist in feeling and drawn and painted with great assurance and vigour. But he also shows a number of large paintings of still life that are more soberly planned and carefully constructed, with here and there a trace of analytical cubism in their design. The two sides of his talent may need putting together, but it is surely a good sign when a young artist is so conscious of complex aims in his art. At the same gallery there is a collection of small gouaches by Graham Sutherland, the latest dating from 1953, which shows what a natural and exquisite miniaturist this artist is.

'James Gandon and his family', by Paul Sandby: from the exhibition at Agnew's, 43 Old Bond Street



manticism which differs considerably from that which inspired Pannini and other artists in the past to paint their architectural views. He finds no calm nobility in Roman remains, but a malign and almost barbaric quality which is accentuated by the sinister light which plays over his landscapes. Where the eighteenth-century artists softened their ruins with ferns Berman adds variety to them by lines of washing hanging across the sky, and his paint is ingeniously concocted to suggest that the whole surface of the picture is mouldering and crumbled. In the past Berman has done a good deal of stage decoration, and this has evidently helped him to give his compositions a dramatic effect.

At the Hanover Gallery there is an exhibition of paintings, drawings, and gouaches by Christian Bérard, another artist who did much work for the stage and was at one time associated with Berman in Paris. Much of his work has the plaintive quality of Picasso in his blue period, and by nature he seems to have been an illustrator, more interested in the mood and expression of his figures than in working them into any subtle or complicated design. In his drawings he used an extremely elegant shorthand, which is just as effective when he is sketching

Rodrigo Moynihan's drawings of France at the Redfern Gallery—the exhibition closes on February 12—look from a distance rather like landscapes drawn with a fluent and expert touch. But on closer inspection it proves impossible to identify any definite feature in the scene. At least it may be said that the artist has found a very pretty and ingenious exercise for his pen.

Agnew's eighty-seventh annual exhibition of water-colour drawings is extremely varied but it also has large groups of drawings by Paul Sandby, Philip Connard, Alfred Stevens, and J. D. Innes. The drawings by Sandby are interesting because they include many unfamiliar figure subjects; his figure drawings at Windsor are well known but these have all come from the artist's descendants. Sandby had no particular eye for character in landscape, but in his figures he instinctively discovered what was most individual and revealing in pose or expression of face. He had Reynolds's art of making us realize at once the exact social position of a sitter, and it is surely much to be regretted that portrait-painting did not come his way.

Greek Painting, by Martin Robertson, reviewed by Professor Bernard Ashmole in *THE LISTENER* last week, is published in this country by Zwemmer. The price is £7 15s.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Social History of the Navy 1793-1815. By Michael Lewis. Allen and Unwin. 42s.

Reviewed by CAROLA OMAN

LONDON is, understandably, rich in monuments adorned with British lions, and perhaps, for sheer dejection, the palm should be given to the bereaved quadruped brought by Britannia to commiserate with Captain Westcott on his death in action. Westcott got a very large, expensive memorial in St. Paul's for reasons which were excellent in 1798. He was the only captain of Nelson's squadron to be killed at the battle of the Nile, a victory unparalleled in naval history and achieved without the loss of a single British ship. Two years later, Nelson bought out Westcott's mother, at Honiton, and finding that she had never received her son's Nile medal, detached the one he was himself wearing, and left it in her hands. He had found her 'poor thing, except for the bounty of Government and Lloyd's in very low circumstances. The brother is a tailor, but had they been chimney-sweeps, it was my duty to show them respect'.

Professor Lewis's latest book is an essential volume for the naval reference shelf, as well as most enjoyable reading. It provides an Aladdin's cave of fascinating statistics. In Part I, for instance, it displays how utterly improbable it was that no fewer than two of Nelson's 'band of brothers' commanding first-rates at the Nile should have been born the sons of bakers. Officers at this date came from a gentle, and sometimes noble home, and voluntarily. The lower deck, on the other hand, was mostly filled by men from seafaring homes, not voluntarily. The 'typical' officer might become a lieutenant, 'or, with a little luck, a commander: but—if he were typical—he went no further'. The odds were heavily against his making a fortune, but his social prestige was high and his efficiency was never in question. Yet Troubridge got his Flag, and nothing but death could have prevented Westcott from doing so.

The 'typical' man of the lower deck lived in crowded, hideously unhygienic surroundings, kept up to a high standard of hard work by strict, but not necessarily cruel, discipline. 'He did not, probably, win a "warrant", but was for long a trusted petty officer. When well led he was the most formidable fighting man on earth'. Far more of these heroes were killed by 'Yellow Jack', or other less spectacular diseases, or by accident, than by the enemy. Professor Lewis's tables show that the cost in lives followed the pattern of the cost in ships. The dangers of the sea were far more to be dreaded than the possibility of being killed in action: and British battle-casualties were small compared to those of their opponents.

The stretch of naval history chosen—1793 to 1815—covers Britain's struggle against French revolutionaries, and against Bonaparte and his vassals on the continent. It opens with the campaign in which Nelson got his first ship-

of-the-line and it closes ten years after Trafalgar. The career of Nelson is, therefore, often quoted. But so are the experiences of much less well-known officers, particularly Sir William Henry Dillon, who at the age of fourteen was stunned by a splinter on the Glorious First of June, but survived for more than three-score years, to become a vice-admiral of the Red and leave a manuscript account of colourful incidents. There are few surprises in the chapter dealing with the geographical distribution of officers. Devon and Kent lead amongst English counties, followed by Hampshire. Bristol perhaps pulls Somerset up into sixth place, but more likely Bath. In Wales, as in England, the south produces most. Fife had a long lead in Scotland, and, in Ireland, Cork.

The book is finely illustrated, and Hogarth's 'Lord George Gordon in his cabin' has not been included. It will not be missed. It is probably the one picture already well known to all students of social history in the Navy.

The Road to Self-Rule

By W. M. Macmillan. Faber. 30s.

Professor Macmillan sings the lament of an imperial historian for an Africa which is passing rapidly out of the colonial age—far too rapidly for his liking. He thinks it will probably get hurt. He invokes trans-Atlantic analogies to show, on the one hand that once colonial 'politicians effectively dominate colonial opinion, colonial rule and even orderly administration becomes impossible', and on the other hand that for reasons of economic non-viability Canada and the West Indian colonies enjoyed a long transitional period from colonial dependence to full self-rule. He then turns to Africa, starting from the Cape Colony which he knows so well, and passing in review the history of British colonial activities in the continent as a whole.

The book looks very much as though it had once been a course of lectures. The style is helter-skelter narrative with few pauses for reflection. Much of the content is only moderately accurate and the reading on which it is based is far from up-to-date. There are many personal reminiscences, not all of which add lustre to the text—as, for example, when he remarks without a trace of irony that Rhodes's diplomacy with the Matabele 'was so successful that, about 1930, a lawyer friend in Salisbury assured me there had been no "native trouble" since the Mashona rebellion'.

For all that, Professor Macmillan has travelled widely and lived long on the fringe of colonial politics, and besides summarizing earlier work on South Africa and the West Indies, for which he is justly well known, he has added an assessment of the main drift of colonial policy towards the tropical dependencies during the inter-war years which is written with real insight and understanding. The pioneering concern of liberals in the 'twenties with African education and the provision of health, veterinary and agricultural services for Africans, was what made the emergence of an effective nationalism possible. It was the great period of Colonial Office bureaucracy, when officialdom reasserted

the doctrine of trusteeship and recovered the initiative in government from the white colonist everywhere north of the Zambesi. It was the second world war which saw the erosion of that initiative by the white politicians of Central Africa and the black politicians of the West. In the East the balance of power survived a little longer.

At the post-war scene Professor Macmillan looks with much realism but little relish. For he remains a 'twenties liberal'. That is to say, he is all for African aspirations, he is all for equality of opportunity, so long as it is always black that assimilates to white, enduring the long apprenticeship. There is no sentence more revealing of his attitude than that in which he castigates the African University Colleges for passing over in their prescribed teaching the story of the Celts and Germans, Goths, and Franks, Angles, Saxons, Picts, Scots and Normans. It has not occurred to him that all the relevant lessons are to be found much nearer the African student's home, in the pre-colonial period of African history, and that it is perhaps for the historian, as for other instructors, to meet his African audience by applying his art and science to the local African scene. It is ironic but true that to say this in South Africa would be to court accusations of Apartheid sympathies. Perhaps Professor Macmillan is still close enough to his South African experience to feel a similar inhibition.

ROLAND OLIVER

Heirs and Rebels. By Ralph Vaughan Williams and Gustav Holst. Oxford. 16s.

The Penguin Book of English Folk Songs
Edited by R. Vaughan Williams and A. L. Lloyd. Penguin. 3s. 6d.

When Vaughan Williams gave his address on Parry and Stanford to the Composers' Conference the year before he died (it is reprinted in *Heirs and Rebels*) he proffered the following advice: 'Learn the elements of your art at home; then, only then, when you feel sure of what you want to do, and feel the ability to do it, go and rub noses with the composers of other lands and see what you can learn from them'. There is an even stronger enjoinder to musical nationalism in his and A. L. Lloyd's introduction to the *Penguin Book of English Folk Songs*: 'We believe that the songs in this book are not only full of classical beauty, but are the foundations on which all more matured musical art must be built'.

Now the youngest generation of English composers (and even some older ones) can hardly be expected to take this too seriously; the rediscovery of English folk-song, of Tudor church music and Jacobean madrigals, has little relevance to their needs, they feel. Hearing or reading Vaughan Williams's enthusiastic words they are liable, and quite naturally, to dismiss them as so much sterile insularity. Yet this reaction is superficial, and the present collection of Vaughan Williams's and Holst's correspondence and their occasional writings can only

increase our respect and sympathy for their struggle to achieve a musical identity.

Heirs and Rebels—the title begs a question. To what extent did Holst and Vaughan Williams really fit Gilbert Murray's description? 'Every man who possesses real vitality can be seen as the result of two forces. He is first the child of a particular age, society, convention; of what we may call in one word a tradition. He is secondly, in one degree or another, a rebel against that tradition. And the best traditions make the best rebels'. This is the quotation that stands at the head of the book, and the thought recurs in the lecture that Holst gave at Yale in 1929 on the teaching of art: 'If we are teachers our first duty is to make our pupil a child of tradition. . . . It must be a living tradition. . . . The teacher must be the child, and the loving child, of a tradition'.

It is generally claimed that Vaughan Williams and Holst found their salvation in rebelling against the tyranny of 'the German tradition', but this is only a half-truth. While they both revered Bach and Beethoven and Schubert and Wagner, one gets the impression from the early letters that English musical life in the closing years of the nineteenth century was far too provincial for them to feel the security of legitimate 'children' of the German tradition in the way that Schönberg and Strauss, for example, both did. This ambiguous situation, it seems to me, was responsible for the great difficulty that both these deeply musical men had in discovering their true direction.

The most interesting letters in this connexion are the four that Holst wrote to Vaughan Williams from Germany in the summer of 1903—his first holiday abroad. Vaughan Williams kept less than a dozen of the innumerable letters that he must have received from Holst in the course of their forty years' friendship, and he evidently found something special in these. One can see why. They express (all the more poignantly for being so spontaneous and unself-conscious) the problem of the young British composer of that day—and perhaps of ours, too: how to find a tradition, not how to rebel against one. 'We have so much to contend against and in England there is no one to help, so that progress is sure to be a bit erratic'. And again: 'Not that I believe one should cram theory from childhood. But that once having started (after school, etc., is over) an Englishman may think himself lucky if, after hard work, he writes anything decent before he is fifty'.

Vaughan Williams was fifty before he discovered his own individual voice in the G minor Mass and the Pastoral Symphony. Holst, whose keen analytic mind at once recognized his friend's achievement (letter XXVI in this collection makes this clear), was never quite able to make a comparable step himself; perhaps he was cut out, as he himself seems to have suspected, to be a better teacher than a composer. But once we have recognized that the anguish through which both of them had to develop is not so very different from that expressed in Mr. Maxwell Davies's talk reprinted in *THE LISTENER* a few months ago, perhaps we may feel more willing to take another look at the folk songs from which they drew so much strength. And if any enlightened school-teachers feel like making things easier for a future generation they could do much worse than start teaching their tots some of the really magnificent

tunes (almost all unfamiliar) in the *Penguin Book*. Traditions cannot be acquired too early, and 'the best traditions make the best rebels'.

JEREMY NOBLE

Francis Thompson: Man and Poet

By J. C. Reid.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

It is well known that an unhappy childhood often results in a duality in the character of a poet; from this duality, if it is recognized and accepted, some of the finest poetry can arise. With Francis Thompson, however, a happy, sheltered, over-indulgent childhood—what Mr. Reid rightly calls 'the warm womb' of his home—produced not only a predilection for fantasies, a taste for escapism, but also an almost complete inability to enter into ordinary human relationships. Thompson's emotional life remained always on the level of that of a child. He could only give love to those who would make demands on him; women were remote abstractions, lofty beings to be worshipped rather than approached.

In his perceptive, just and compassionate biography, Mr. Reid sees Francis Thompson's torment and central flaw as a clash between 'the urge to come to terms with the world of things . . . and that which drove him deeper and deeper into an illusory world'. In scholarly but never tedious detail he describes the poet's rapturous childhood, his painful schooldays, his profound disappointment on finding he had no vocation to the priesthood, his first retreat from reality when he refused to face the arduous training of a medical student in Manchester, and his years of dereliction and degradation in London. The years of drug-taking, from which Wilfrid Meynell temporarily rescued Thompson, were, in Mr. Reid's view, an escape into oblivion, a surrender to indolence, rather than an attempt to fan the reluctant flames of poetic fervour. Far from wishing to discover new experiences, Thompson longed to return to the *paradisus vitae* of a childhood which seems to have been unusually free from nightmares and conflicts. Mr. Reid points out, and indeed proves, that Thompson's poems were not written in the confused ecstasies of opium dreams but in those periods when drugs were withdrawn from him; poetry was, in fact, a substitute for opium.

This fine study of Francis Thompson is both a psychological and a critical one. Mr. Reid's reflections on the poems are penetrating without being destructive and careful without being pedantic. He sees the early poetry, with its cluttered imagery, its forced and borrowed language and over-blown baroque ornament, as the overflow of a tormented mind not as the record of a profound spiritual experience. While acknowledging the 'admirable integration and progressive movement' of 'The Hound of Heaven', he admits 'the rich harvest of embarrassment' which so much of Thompson's poetry yields.

In some Catholic circles Thompson has undoubtedly been over-praised; his orthodoxy and goodwill have blinded many of his co-religionists to the emptiness of his large gestures, the *fin de siècle* decadence of his rhetoric. Mr. Reid is well aware of all this but he has also discerned that there is something more in Thompson than either the mere 'furniture' of Catholicism on the one hand, or

a flight from self-knowledge on the other. In a handful of poems, such as 'A Fallen Yew', 'All Flesh' and 'In No Strange Land', he sees Thompson not only coming to terms with his own weak and childlike nature but also producing a truly mature religious poetry. Of such poems, Mr. Reid says, 'Here, in the repudiation of fantasy, human responsibility is accepted and joyed in, the doctrine of the *Mystical Body* asserted and reality defined in its fullness. Thompson had emerged from the dark forest of his life with a vision we may truly call mystical; and he expressed it in a language purged of . . . elaborations, with the plain poetic beauty of his true self'.

This biography, which will surely prove to be definitive, is an admirable combination of critical disinterestedness, a rare gift for literary interpretation and evaluation, and an intuitive understanding of human motive and character. It is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of a minor but by no means negligible poet.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

Love in Action. By Fernando Henrques.

MacGibbon and Kee. £2 5s.

Here, chum! You want something really spicy? Well, just take a look at this! Look at the pictures first. Yes, I agree, there are a few pictures of natives, which aren't everybody's cuppa, but there are some smashing pin-up girls, and as for the old pictures and drawings—why, they show *everything*, but everything. Where did he get them from? Well, the author's not saying, and I don't blame him, but I did see quite a lot of them in a book I handled a good many years ago, Fuchs's *Erotische Kunst*. But that wasn't published openly, like this.

What's in the text? Well, Dr. Henrques has had the smashing idea of going through some of the books of anthropology—scientific stuff, you know—and picking out all the really hot passages, without all that dull stuff which comes in scientific books. Just the saucy bits. And since there weren't quite enough hot spots in the anthropological books he'd read, he's put in some more from books like the *Karma Sutra*, and *The Perfumed Garden*, and Van der Velde, and Kinsey and so on; hardly a page without a kick in it.

What's it about? Well, he wants to show how different peoples do it differently, a bit like European women going *this* way, and Chinese women going *that* way; not exactly that, but that sort of thing. And then he's against all this chastity caper, and has got it in for the missionaries and the Christian Fathers—some of the things they knew would surprise you. And he thinks it would be a good thing if everybody had lots of how-de-do, especially the young. You want real anthropology, and some sort of scientific method? Sorry, chum, you've come to the wrong department.

GEOFFREY GORER

No Surrender: an Ulster Childhood

By Robert Harbinson. Faber. 18s.

The back streets of Belfast, inhabited largely by shipyard workers and their families, do not exactly constitute one of the tourist glories of these islands. Still, they have their proud moments, especially about the time of that annual Protestant celebration, the 'Twelfth of July'. Then they are adorned with pointed



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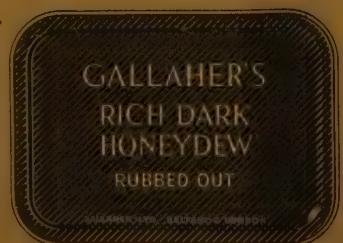


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ograms like 'No Surrender', crude, highly-coloured murals and festive arches. It is of this gorous, if at times shrill and intolerant, milieu at Robert Harbinson writes so vividly in *No Surrender*. The title is a bit misleading, for it suggests an intractable political fixation which happily absent from these pages. Perhaps the author really has in mind the Ulster determination not to be crushed either by the monotony or the difficulty of life.

Mr. Harbinson deals with the harshness of

life for an orphan, the disciplinary methods of his school-masters, the feuds and alliances of the back-street kids, and his excited discovery of the lovely countryside just a short bus ride from the mean, grey streets. He can be very funny about the proliferation of Protestant sects in a still theologically minded community, somewhat addicted to the pastime of hair-splitting: 'Like connoisseurs we picked and chose carefully from the extensive menu of choice religious dishes. A firm favourite were the meetings of sects

believing in baptism by immersion. Here we could have our fill of comedy and thrills, spiced with the possibility of an accident. Steam, rising from the big tank that represented the Jordan, filled us with passions like those of ancient Romans in the Colosseum'. *No Surrender* is just the book to give the English reader some idea of the miseries and splendours of life in that little-known 'other Ireland', which remains so strongly attached to its historic enmities and loyalties.

ROBERT GREACEN

New Novels

Barbara Greer. By Stephen Birmingham. Collins. 16s.
Summer Palace. By Jeremy Gardner. Faber. 13s. 6d.

The Learning Lark. By Glyn Jones. Dent. 15s.

The Gold-Rimmed Spectacles. By Giorgio Bassani. Faber. 13s. 6d.

STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM is a novelist of extraordinary endowments. I don't remember a writer who gives one more the feeling of being there in the room with his characters. His novel echoes with real voices and shimmers with the illusion of real rooms and real times of day. He has a marvellous eye and ear and so can hold us while he slows down his scenes to a pace nearer to life than the novelist's usual hurried précis. The heroine of his new novel has failed to adjust herself to her marriage, or to marriage in general, and her escape from it is 'home', the Connecticut farm where her moneyed family live their gracious, old-fashioned existence on the proceeds of the family business.

The arrival of an old friend, just at the moment when her husband is leaving for Europe on a business trip, is catalytic. Good old rackete nymphomaniac Nancy Rafferty is becoming an embarrassment to her friends; she can talk of nothing but herself and her sex-life and inwardly wants Barbara to be the same. Barbara is sorry for her, but all the same Nancy's weakness gives a push to her own. This sort of relationship Birmingham does wonderfully; as soon as Nancy starts talking one hears the compulsions and inner desires driving her on and the damage that is quickly and irretrievably being done.

The vivid immediacy and actuality of the writing gives an air of inevitability to the characters' actions that is sometimes deceptive. Here and there, when you look back, there are thinnesses and loose ends. I visualize Woody, Barbara's homosexual cousin, perfectly clearly, but I don't much believe in his part in the plot. When he and Barbara's husband Carson were room-mates at Princeton, Woody, having drunk too much, once made a declaration of love to Carson. Carson was appalled, but being a southerner and a gentleman he told no one about it. Would Woody's sole feeling after this be that he is eternally indebted to Carson, so much so that he will move heaven and earth to rescue his marriage? It sounds like sentimentality, and makes the whole dénouement of the book too easy and a shade false.

One of the worrying things about returning from the last war was to find everyone so distressingly knowing about the fine arts. 'Coved', 'stock brick', 'scagliola': the difficult words flew about, and one wondered, was it a new generation? Well here, in *Summer Palace*, we see the new generation growing up. 'Peter thought that the mirror cabinet was lovely....

The walls were covered with gilt wood carvings and bracketed with Famille Verte porcelain figures of the K'ang-Hsi period. The corners were slanted and the ceiling was deeply coved, giving the astonishing little place the appearance of some outlandish Electoral jewel-box'. That is how the twelve-year-old monster who is its hero sees the world around him. The scene is Malta in wartime: Peter is a spoilt child afraid of his naval officer father and involved in a passionate intimacy with his mother, who has exploited every emotional trick to make him dedicate himself to the 'cello. The boy and she are evacuated to a decaying baroque palace in the interior of the island. Peter is enraptured, and his very competent emotional manoeuvres among his elders take second place to his joy in the urns and overgrown parterres, and especially in the exquisite and amusing French settee that he finds in an attic and resolves to re-upholster. The settee becomes a symbol to him, as I think it does to the author, who has decided to write a novel as tight and gimped and prettily bedizened as the settee in its restored glory. Peter may be a monster but he is not a bore; his fantasizing eye is as sharp and creative as (I won't say, a young) Denton Welch's.

The novel is, in its way, already a 'forties' period piece, and no doubt this was intended. As far as his plot goes, the author is frankly working within a convention. We know the boy will have violent jealousy scenes and reconciliations with his mother; we know he will have his 'cello taken away from him and will stage an illness to get it back. We expect a handsome, tanned young working-class nature-figure to enter the boys' idyll, and so he does. The turn Jeremy Gardner gives these elements is fresh and charming.

I haven't read Glyn Jones's other novels, and had been prepared for more in the way of tearing high spirits and bravura language than I found. This is a rather ramshackle story about a down-at-heel South Wales school. The staff are a promising set of soaks and frauds and monomaniacs, but not much is made of them, and the main actions are a canvassing tour of the local councillors, corrupt to a man (there are some good grotesques here) and Wodehousian adventures in pursuit of a stunning girl and her pachydermatous guardian whom the narrator's friend has met and insulted on the train from Paddington. The friend is a comic intransigent who, unlike Amis's heroes, is in revolt only

against obvious and old-fashioned targets, such as local corruption, simple hypocrisy and the inhumanity of intelligence tests. The joke gets going very nicely in physical descriptions: 'She had a wide black band with spangles round her head and a Welsh-speaking budgie on her bosom....'

The Gold-Rimmed Spectacles, translated from the Italian by Isobel Quigley, is a haunting little tale intertwining in a single parable the plights of the homosexual and the Jew. The theme of the book is the sin of letting things go by default. The narrator, a Jewish student in the days of the fascist régime, watches the downfall of the much-respected Dr. Fatigati, whose luxurious surgery is the pride of local Ferrara society and whose little weakness, when it is guessed, makes him an even more delightful object of interest and gossip (an evening at the cinema wouldn't be the same without the familiar sight of the doctor in the cheap seats among the soldiers). As long as one can pretend he is not Dr. Fatigati, not a real person, on his nocturnal adventures, but some different and unimaginable external phenomenon, no one is upset by him; but when he insists on exhibiting one of his affairs in broad daylight, when he makes it plain that the nocturnal and the daytime Fatigati are the same person, it is time to make a stand against such shamelessness.

The narrator has felt like the rest. He has witnessed Fatigati's loneliness and his perpetual and half-ludicrous clutching at fellowship and sympathy, and cannot see that it concerns him. And then, hearing a newsVendor announcing the first measures against the Jews, he feels loneliness, and the most sordid, humiliating ghetto hatred suddenly enters his own soul. Italy, he sees, will let his own human claims go by default too, and by the same sort of complacent self-persuasion. He listens in terror to the comforting arguments of his friends: the anti-semitism will come to nothing '... we Italians are much too light-hearted. We're too old, believe me, too sceptical, too burnt out! Long live our age-old Latin wisdom'. In their new-found equality Fatigati and he compare their fates and the former argues that whereas for him it is wrong, for the young Jew it is right to accept himself as he is; to declare himself no longer an Italian but simply a Jew will make him more and not less human, it will render him a better man. It is a generous thought; and to his disgust the young man is aware that it is probably totally untrue.

P. N. FURBANK

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting DOCUMENTARY

How Not To Do It

IN HIS ADMIRABLE article on 'Popularizing Science on Television' (THE LISTENER, January 14), which was everything that might be expected of the crystal-clear protagonist of the recent 'The Nature of Things', Sir Lawrence Bragg considered some of the lessons to be learned from that series—not lessons for you and me, but for those in whose hands the future of televised science at present lies. It is not for me to summarize his conclusions here (though I am proud to note that my own stray remarks on the same subject, on December 10, anticipated them and were substantially identical): but I would urge that those responsible for 'Experiment' in general, and Mr. Arthur Garratt in particular, should take a long, hard look at them.

One does not like to say that 'Gyroscope' (January 27) was a text-book example of how not to do it; but I do not know what other comment is adequate to the occasion. Viewers should perhaps be reminded that this series is entitled 'Experiment': that it is screened between five and six o'clock and is therefore presumed to be aimed at children of various ages: and that this particular programme was billed as in the first place answering the specific question, 'What makes gyroscopes behave as they do?' What did we get? We got a studio full of complex humming machines: ship's compasses, 'artificial horizons', rocket controls. And that was effectively all! Almost no attempt was made to explain the basic principle—we had ten seconds with a toy gyro and a couple of remarks to the effect that 'it always stays the same way up' and that 'if you try to push it, it goes off at right angles'. Now these are remarkable properties, not just to be tossed aside without consideration: and they are also susceptible of simple elucidation based on fundamental principles—but not the least comma of an explanation was ever forthcoming. Instead we plunged away at once into a welter of advanced machinery, one specimen of which was 'so new that there are only two of them in the world', and Mr. Garratt fell over himself explaining how an ingenious linkage made the bearings 'frictionless'. Now what on earth was the point



Two photographs from *Dark Gods*, a documentary film about a Mexican village, seen on January 27

John Cura

of demonstrating such a specimen, or of launching upon such an explanation, to an audience that must be presumed to have had, in general, not the least notion of the basic principle of the thing? The first essential of a successful popularizer, after all, is that he should have the imaginative ability to put himself in the place of the person who doesn't know. As it was, Mr. Garratt's explanations lacked all ordering, and on top of that they were not even properly scientific: a mechanical bearing, for instance, cannot be made 'frictionless'—you can arrange to cancel out the effects of friction, but that is not quite the same thing. I am not suggesting for a moment that such a programme should confine itself to instruction: that is the function of 'Schools' television. Nevertheless I cannot believe that it is sensible to show to children, who are inquiring creatures, inexplicable end-products without intelligible means. And ought not a programme called 'Experiment' to do something by way of earning its title?

'It Happened to Me' (January 26) told the story of an English heroine of the French Resistance, Mary Lindell. This was an un-hysterical and a moving programme, well built and evidently the result of much intelligent anticipation and patient care. The reconstructed sequences, of typical incidents along the escape route that she organized, were thoroughly authentic and convincing, and all the details built up into a well-organized whole.

'Dark Gods' (January 27) was another Canadian offering, this time the imaginary meditation of an old Indian on the ways of life and death beside his remote Mexican lake. A little slow in places and perhaps relying a little too heavily upon some of the staples of 'high class' documentary (the wrinkled face of the grandmother, the stately plod of the pregnant wife, the public giving of the breast), the general impression was nevertheless beautiful and memorable.

Edward Murrow's 'Small World' (January 23) was a very sprightly passage of feline armchair between three ladies, and a surprising reminder that, in spite of all one had hoped to the contrary, McCarthyism is not yet dead in the country of its misshapen birth. A splendidly vigorous 'Panorama' (January 25) included, I am sorry to say, Robert Kee being grossly unfair to Mr. Peter Cadbury for refusing to join him in the logical morass in which he was floundering; there was also a demonstration of a device called (I shudder to record) a 'breathalyzer'.

'Lookout' (January 27) did a good job on traffic control in the Mersey Tunnel, a subject that proved considerably more interesting, and indeed exciting, than one might have anticipated. I liked the rhinoceroses rolling in the Munich snow in 'Tonight', that same evening. And on January 26 there was a repeat of that signallingly imaginative Polish cartoon film *The Cat and the Mouse*. Again, please, and again would not be too often for this Polomirer.

HILARY CORKE

DRAMA

'David and Broccoli'



From the programme 'It Happened to Me' with Mary Lindell, delegate in France of the R.A.F. Escaping Society: left, pass over the Pyrenees into Andorra; above, Marty, one of the French guides

John Cura

NOT WITHOUT FEELINGS of shame I have realized that in writing of a certain experimental production a few weeks ago I was guilty of unconsciously paraphrasing a passage from the introduction to John Mortimer's collected plays. This was the passage: 'The greatest danger for any writer is to get stuck with the idea of "pure radio" or "perfect television" or "pure cinema": the worship of a medium for its own sake has become the sign of a dramatic technique in search of an idea'.

This recollection dawned on me after the performance of Mr. Mortimer's new television play, *David and Broccoli* (January 26), and

now seize the opportunity to restore the passage to its author who seems in some danger of forgetting it ever belonged to him. The statement strikes me as eminently sensible; and elsewhere in his introduction Mr. Mortimer goes even further, declaring: 'There is nothing technical to be borne in mind when writing a television script'. *David and Broccoli* is far from being a negligible piece of work. In its delicacy of language and characterization it marks a distinct advance on the author's first television play, *Call Me a Liar*. (*The Dock Brief* and *I Spy*, his two television successes, were first written for radio.) But neither does it escape an element of self-conscious cleverness and technical 'know how' of which the earlier pieces were innocent.

A hallmark of Mortimer characters is their richly developed fantasy life, and I know of no other dramatist who can so successfully halt the action to make room for dazzling Walter Mitty-esque tirades. In *David and Broccoli* fantasy remains as important as ever, but for some reason Mr. Mortimer seems to have had misgivings about expressing it verbally and has chosen instead to dramatize or (as we say nowadays) 'orchestrate'.

David is an unpopular prep-school boy dead keen on space travel and terrified of his boxing instructor, Broccoli. There is a simple moral point to be made—he cannot shake off fear by putting it out of his mind. It could be put over simply, but Mr. Mortimer selects something elaborately designed to 'exploit the medium's resources'. He sends David off to Mars in a dream and confronts him with a monstrous Broccoli, transfigured as if by the make-up department of Hammer Films into a Thing, who pursues him through a Martian bog. As a television spectacle Michael Elliott's production of this scene was most effective; but that did not prevent it from being a long-winded intrusion.

The plot itself hovers strangely between realism and fantasy. Broccoli's weakness is an obsession with the end of the world, and David



Esmond Knight (seated) as Broccoli and Diarmid Cammell as David in *David and Broccoli* on January 26

routs him by demonstrating mathematically that the end is at hand. This is essentially a fantasy situation, the kind of vengeance that a lonely, intelligent little boy would think up after public humiliation. To see it actually taking place, to see the midget master-mind in steel-rimmed spectacles coldly reducing the feeble-minded paper doll to a blustering wreck, came close to snapping one's belief.

Fortunately there were other qualities that gave it anchorage: Esmond Knight's hulking, wall-eyed Broccoli, and Diarmid Cammell's marvellous playing of the boy gave imaginative grip even to scenes remote from probability. The school itself, with its regimented atmosphere of ghastly good humour (resembling that other dreadful place in Mr. Mortimer's *What Shall We Tell Caroline?*) was a horrifically solid set piece. But most important of all was the play's subtle modulation of sympathy, at first putting the case for the outcast boy, then showing how callously he abused his power, and finally reversing the balance as the boy was absorbed into the group and the defenceless old boxer stumbled out of the school for good, not even understanding that he had been meanly tricked. Mr. Mortimer has done it again: he calls his plays comedies, but they exist on a plane where comedy and tragedy are indistinguishable.

Rudolph Cartier's production of Michael Bulgakov's *The White Guard* (January 31) was an event of genuine technical resourcefulness; a real screen-stretcher. I had the impression that he was not unduly concerned in the early scenes to conceal the stiffness of the Turbin family's conversation, and he let them roar out so many martial choruses that the play overran by fifteen minutes. But once the Cossacks began storming the military academy there was no doubt of who was master. Mr. Cartier's cameras seemed to be dodging about among the collapsing



Scene from *The White Guard* on January 31, with (left to right) Marius Goring as Alexis Turbin, Sarah Lawson as his sister Helena, Paul Daneman as his brother Nikolas, and David Cameron as Lieutenant Leonid Shervinsky

masonry; at one moment they were face to face with the oncoming hordes, the next they were looking down from a gallery at the rebel army massing below. The production was essentially visual. Rupert Davies played the vodka-fixated Victor with comic dash, and David Cameron was a personable and romantic Leonid; but their performances pale in comparison with such things as the long last shot of Alexis (Marius Goring) hanging head down to the floor like Helmann in the *Hamlet* funeral cortège.

Philip Holland's unsurpassably silly piece, *The Difficult Age* (January 30), is worth less attention than the new situation comedy series. *A Life of Bliss*, uprooted from radio, has now put George Cole through two episodes of excruciating embarrassment, both so well written as to protect the audience from that all too infectious emotion. *Sykes and a Telephone* (January 29) at last transfers Eric Sykes from script writing to performing. Johnny Speight's first script, on

the perils of owning the only telephone in the building, was horribly like life; but, once again, it was good for a laugh.

IRVING WARDLE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Disbelief Unsuspended

THE SERIOUS NOVEL requires from its readers a different suspension of disbelief from that which is normal in the theatre. It is not an appeal for the reader to identify himself with one character or a group of them in the rough fashion of sedative fiction, but a need for enough temporary and limited sympathy with the morality of the world of the book to keep on wanting to explore it. One should not want to call a halt to start a private argument with the author about politics, religion, or psychology. Such interruptions for contradiction are generally prevented in radio adaptations by the pace, the personalities of the performers, or the interpreting work of the producer.

Without having previously read William Golding's book, I heard *Free Fall* (Third, January 27) with keen interest and mounting exasperation. It is presented as the confessional autobiography of Samuel Mountjoy, a painter who has been fortunate and successful but has decided that he is a lost soul or at the best a very guilty man. Scenes of childhood, school-days, and first love are created with sharp wit and strong pathos. Mountjoy is given, for purposes of narration, considerable gifts of irony and insight. He also comments frequently on free will, innocence, guilt, and responsibility, and holds forth about the absence of a bridge between science and religion. The title presumably means that Mountjoy and possibly modern man are gravity-free, loose in space between heaven and earth. Add to this suggestion the philosophic garrulity of the first person and we are forced to take the story as being intended as a spiritual pilgrimage with a judgment on life and society inherent in it. I cannot believe Mr. Golding would be content for us to treat Mountjoy's views upon his own sins and sorrows as a string of fuddled, silly-clever pomposities; but that is how they sounded to me.

Mountjoy is supposed to be an artist, but only, it seems, so that admiring authorities may excuse his egos and betrayals whenever he gets into trouble. Unlike any painter I have known or can imagine, he is silent about his

art—except for an implausible remark that he painted the body and not the face of his mistress because of some indifference towards her as a person. His harsh and mischievous childhood is beautifully done, and could serve as a classic first section for a delinquent case history; but he explicitly denies that the troubles of the infant Samuel have anything to do with the faults of the adult. When he is caught being a thief and a bully, a headmaster is improbably easy-going about it; so is a parson when he takes to sacrilege. A flirtation with communism gets him a wife and gives his friend Philip a chance to make a worldly-wise speech on politics. But Philip then drops out of sight and the wife doesn't seem to matter much. The crisis which he claims taught him the truth about free will comes when he is a prisoner of war faced by one of those subtle, seducing, interrogating doctors who is confident that he will betray the escaping plans of his fellows. I missed the discovery about free will. In a dark cell he breaks down as Orwell, Koestler, and the records of brain-washing describe the process in better men; but then a guard sends him back to camp before he has time to commit his treason saying that the interrogator 'doesn't understand peoples'.

This last incredible remark sent me to the novel thinking that I must have misheard. Sure enough there it was, flat and unexplained. Doubtless this faking of special providences to prevent Mountjoy being condemned or forgiven by anyone but himself fits with some private theology of Mr. Golding's. My disbelief being unsuspended, I found it senseless. Donald McWhinnie, the producer, had omitted nothing which could have given continuity or profundity to *Free Fall*. Radio is kind to episodic writing, and Paul Scofield and the others in an excellent cast made the most of good scraps of earth-bound acting material. The pity of it was that many good passages made such an incoherent whole. The schoolroom scenes were admirable and the self-torture of the prison camp made fair melodrama. I thought the effects were wrong. Sputnik noises failed to convince one that Mountjoy was in orbit; and I found the tell-tale heart and *musique concrète* sounds of the black cell distractingly rowdy.

Being wholly ignorant of Japanese Noh plays I looked forward to and thoroughly enjoyed *The Damask Drum* (Third, January 26). We were given just enough background information by Mr. Geoffrey Bownas, and the excerpts of speech and music from a Japanese performance teased the imagination. Arthur Waley's translation of the medieval play had a sparseness with poetic overtones which made one want to hear other plays of the same time. The modern handling of the theme by Yukio Mishima, inevitably more complex and diffuse, was vivid and moving.

Reasonable ideas and a cogent story were pulled out of space by John Wilkie in *Up Here* (Home, January 30). Less of the fresh thinking to be found in some science fiction has reached radio than might have been expected. This unpretentious one-hour play about the first man to go up in a rocket was brilliantly planned for the medium and sympathetically played by Peter Jeffrey and Paul Eddington. The progression of the capsule man through terror and humility to paranoia moved at a convincing pace; and the disclosure near the end that this man was a dwarf gave a genuine shock without trickery.

Miss Dorothy Tutin's performance in *Pride and Prejudice* (Home, January 25) was good enough to satisfy the slaves of Miss Elizabeth Bennet who have always thought the girl threw herself away by accepting that intolerationly admirable Darcy fellow.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



Record and Experiment

'IT IS THE POLICY of the Third Programme to be contemporary and forward looking and to represent the achievements of the past'. The quotation (which I lift from the *B.B.C. Handbook* for 1960) might be applied much more widely. For all sound broadcasting is a record and, in the hands of the enlightened, an experiment. I have been reminded of both its functions during the past few days.

I had looked forward eagerly to 'The Dark Valley' (Third, January 21). This was the British *première* of Mr. Auden's radio monologue, a programme first performed in America in 1940. I must say that (like my neighbour, the Dramatic Critic) I was disappointed. Had the monologue lost a good deal of its impact as an experiment during the intervening twenty years? Or was it merely too fussy to be spoken? In any case, Miss Lehmann pulled out all the melodramatic stops without really moving me. The symbolism, the literary conceits, seemed so many impediments. Words, words, words. . . . But how they had sparked and touched in the hands of Dylan Thomas!

I made no such comparisons as I listened to Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's monologue, 'Idols' of Wood and Stone' (Third, January 23). Miss Mary O'Farrell gave us a plausible picture of an aging spinster in a cathedral close, living (as E.B.B. might have done, had things been different) in heathen adoration of her dead father. Which reminds me: wouldn't some of Browning's dramatic monologues make fine spoken words? What about 'Fra Lippo Lippi' or 'Andrea del Sarto'?

On the whole, however, I found the records I heard more successful than the radio experiments. In 'A Conversation with George Moore' (Home, January 21), Mr. Sewell Stokes recalled a very angry old man, strong in prejudice, quick to take offence, and equally quick (of course) to swallow flattery. 'I liked the tone of your letter', Moore explained to Mr. Stokes, who had simply called him the greatest living novelist. We left the author of *The Brook Kerith* weeding 'daisies' out of his prose with the awe-inspiring fastidiousness of a Flaubert.

We heard another writer talking about a writer when (Third, January 24) Mr. E. M. Forster gave an appreciation of George Crabbe. Here, at last, I can use superlatives. It was an inspiration to repeat this talk in the intervals of Britten's *Peter Grimes*; and it is a long time since I heard such a perfect introduction. Good talks project their pictures, and I saw a Bewick-like vignette of the Suffolk poet, an unhappy little boy, rolling barrels on the quay at Aldeburgh. Yes, the salt spray had got into his verse; and so had much of the East Anglian countryside. Crabbe was a sort of Crome in poetry. And Mr. Forster talked about him with a disarming sincerity, with a mellow, port-and-nuts benevolence, with a hint (but just a hint) of the Combination Room which made me wish that this was the first of a long series of talks which embraced Clare and Gilbert White and many more in the English rural tradition.

The following evening, on the Third Programme, we heard a writer talking about himself. In a frank discussion with Professor Kermode, Mr. William Golding explained the symbolism of his novels. He exploded the myth of the artist as 'a starry-eyed creature', he reminded us he was religious, he confessed that he had largely cut himself off from modern literary life. Every generation, he said, had a threshold of depravity which it must not pass, but 'my job is to ignore that threshold of depravity. I'm trying to reduce it to its chemically pure state'.

Mr. Golding ended the discussion with a deprecating wave of the hand: 'But all this is taking a novelist too seriously, I think . . .'. Personally, I thought otherwise. The talk was a good introduction to Sound Drama's adaptation of *Free Fall*. I hoped we should have more such confessions from distinguished writers (and, for that matter, from artists and composers, too).

My wish was partly satisfied when (Third, January 30) Mr. Graeme Shankland of the L.C.C. Architect's Department interviewed Mies Van der Rohe, whom he introduced succinctly as the architect who developed pure architectural principles in the scientific spirit. Mr. Van der Rohe, he said, had illuminated architecture, but he was a lighthouse beam, not a firework display. He had brought quality to the inevitable. Mr. Van der Rohe revealed himself, frankly, as an architect who sought to be objective, not merely to express himself. He spoke lovingly of glass and bronze, of the new, profound relationship between man and nature in town and country which he himself seeks to express. I was struck by his lack of conservatism (he is seventy-three), his devotion to architecture and, not least, by his humility.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



Talking about Music

IN PREPARATION for the broadcast of *Tannhäuser* from Sadler's Wells (February 5) we were given last week another of Hanns Hammelmann's and Michael Rose's excellent 'Birth of an Opera' features. With their judiciously chosen snippets from the score, and their quotations from the critics of the time these make the very best sort of trailer. Even though an opera may have won an absolutely unassailable place in the repertory we can almost always learn something about it from its contemporaries, hostile as well as sympathetic. And more important still is the effect of 'placing' an opera within its composer's development and career.

Of course Wagner poses a special difficulty in these programmes. Being his own librettist he deprives us of those fascinating glimpses into the workshop that are provided by, for example, Verdi's correspondence with Boito and Strauss's with Hofmannsthal. The whole creative process was carried out within that one astonishing mind, and we can learn nothing of it beyond what Wagner chose to tell his friends and the world. But if this programme on *Tannhäuser* whetted our appetites a little less than some others have, I suspect it may have been partly the fault of this particular work. With neither the unself-conscious eclecticism of *The Flying Dutchman* nor the supreme technical mastery of the later operas, *Tannhäuser* remains a bit of a cold fish, for all that its cardinal opposition of sense and spirit meant so much to Wagner personally. Perhaps it was because of this that the narration (excellently read as it was) seemed a little flatter than usual.

Perhaps a more personal touch would be out of place in broadcasts whose avowed aim is to present us with the historical background, but personality certainly pays dividends in another series of broadcasts about music—'Interpretations on Record'. Under Professor Westrup's benign chairmanship three musicians of varied interests discuss the merits and failings of a selected group of recordings of a given work. This time we had a composer (Matyas Seiber), a conductor (Colin Davis), and a musicologist (Oliver Neighbour) talking about Bartók's *Music for strings, percussion, and celesta*. This programme thrives on variety of outlook, and Colin Davis's impetuosity made an excellent foil to the more analytic approach of the other two.



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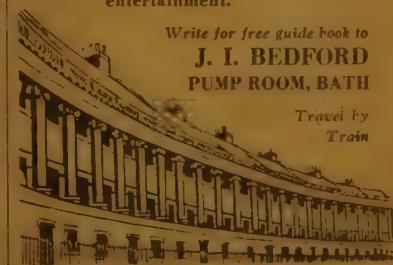
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eedless to say, they couldn't in the time at their disposal get very deep into any of the interpretative problems this piece poses, but I suspect that for quite a number of listeners they may have suggested totally new ways of listening to the music. A couple of suggestions: since a score is essential if one is to get the best out of these programmes, might there not be a note to that effect in *Radio Times* on future occasions? And might it not, with relatively familiar works like this one, be a good idea for the chairman to give a very brief description of each movement as a whole before the other speakers get down to considering it in detail? The hero of last week's Thursday 'Invitation Concert' was without a doubt George Malcolm, who figured in it as harpsichordist, pianist, and conductor. Could this be England's answer to

Leonard Bernstein? Well, we are unlikely to get a *West Side Story* out of Malcolm, I think, but in other ways the parallel is not so far-fetched. Both men have talents which refuse to be circumscribed by the quite unnatural limitations that have come to be accepted in our specialized age. In two Britten works (the *Hymn to St. Cecilia* and the splendidly precocious *A Boy was Born*) and in a Purcell Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, Malcolm proved himself capable of getting the very best out of such a variable body as the B.B.C. Chorus. In between whiles he played a Bach partita on the harpsichord and the whole set of three-part inventions on the piano. Malcolm obtained exquisite musical phrasing within a deliberately restricted dynamic range. This was music-making of a very high order indeed.

Two of the week's remaining highlights were provided by gramophone records: Britten's *Peter Grimes*, under the composer's own direction, and Stravinsky's *Perséphone*; quite why Stravinsky's own recording of the latter piece was not used I do not know, but it is true that Cluytens's, which we heard, is better balanced. The late-night emphasis on chamber music also brought us a fine performance of Mozart's C minor quintet by the Element group, and a recital of new pieces for horn and piano. Barry Tuckwell is probably the best of the crop of young horn-players for whom the late Dennis Brain set new technical standards, and he acquitted himself very well on this occasion. Iain Hamilton's *Aria* sounds like a real addition to the horn's limited repertory.

JEREMY NOBLE

Two British Worthies

By STANLEY SADIE

The first of a number of programmes marking the two hundred and fiftieth anniversaries of the births of Arne and Boyce will be broadcast at 10.35 p.m. on Friday, February 12 (Third)



NINETEEN-SIXTY sees the two hundred and fiftieth anniversaries of the births of William Boyce and Thomas Augustine Arne. Born within a few weeks of one another early in 1710, these two became the leading figures in the story of eighteenth-century English music—a story which still too often misrepresented today, or even dismissed as not worth the telling.

Although, as Burney put it, Boyce and Arne were 'frequently concurrents at the theatres and in each other's way', their musical training and careers were very different. Boyce, trained as a chorister at St. Paul's, held various appointments as organist, ultimately becoming organist and composer to the Chapel Royal as well as Master of the King's Band. He was in fact, by training and inclination, in the centre of the English church music tradition, and he made notable contributions to it, both by composing many fine anthems and by publishing his famous collection of *Cathedral Music*.

Arne, on the other hand, was a Roman Catholic, so had no connexion with English church music. His early musical background was rather like Handel's: he was intended by his father for the legal profession and studied music in secret. His father, in fact, discovered his musical proclivities only when, attending a 'private concert', he found his son leading the orchestra. Arne's natural inclinations were towards the theatre, and he had his first opera staged when he was only twenty-three. Later he became director of music at Vauxhall Pleasure Gardens.

To the average music-lover of today, Boyce is remembered mainly for his church music and the eight symphonies which Constant Lambert credited thirty years ago, while Arne is thought of as the composer of *Rule Britannia!* and a group of Shakespeare songs. During February and March there will be opportunities for Third Programme listeners to increase this rather limited acquaintanceship.

One revelation will be of their chamber music. Boyce and Arne each published, as his sole contribution to the chamber-music repertory, a set of trio-sonatas. Arne's sonatas, issued as his Op. 3 in 1757, show the beginnings of the impact of the *galant* style on this characteristically Baroque form, and are rather variable in musical worth, though the best of the seven sonatas are pleasing and attractive works. Boyce's set, comprising twelve sonatas, was published ten years earlier than Arne's and must be ranked at the head of English eighteenth-century chamber music.

The first edition of Boyce's sonatas was pub-

lished by subscription, with a subscribers' list of much interest. Among the 487 subscribers—a greater number than for any comparable publication—are eighteen musical societies in various parts of Britain and many organists and composers (notably George-Frederick Handel, Esq., and Mr. Thomas Augustine Arne), while the hundreds of musical amateurs on the list include fifteen from New York and three from Philadelphia. The sonatas attained great popularity. Burney wrote that they were:

... longer and more generally purchased, performed, and admired, than any productions of the kind in this kingdom, except those of Corelli. They were not only in constant use, as chamber music, in private concerts, for which they were originally designed, but in our theatres, as arias, and our gardens, as favourite pieces, during many years.

Their success was well merited, for they are music of rare freshness and strength. By Boyce's time the old distinction between the *da chiesa* and *da camera* types of sonata had largely broken down: although just half the sonatas (alternate ones) include fugues, the fugal style is far from academic and such movements can rub shoulders with gay minuets, gavottes and gigues without the slightest incongruity. The dignified yet graceful slow movements, many of them in triple time, are another feature of the set. Boyce's individuality of style and his sturdy independence of Handelian influence can be noticed during the two concerts in such movements as the virile *Vivace* of No. 6, the similar opening slow movements and the dance finales of Nos. 2 and 8.

Boyce's dramatic music will be represented by his 'entertainment' *The Shepherd's Lottery*. Like *The Chaplet*, easily his most popular stage work in his own time, *The Shepherd's Lottery* is a simple pastoral tale of love: the lottery of the title refers to a May Day ceremony where 'Each Vent'ring Shepherd in due order stands, And from the Urn draws forth his future wife'. Within the limited scope of the piece Boyce manages to put over in musical terms something of the characters of the intriguing Daphne and the pair of lovers, Thyrsis and Phillis. But what is likely to surprise the listener, knowing of the respectable, worthy Dr. Boyce and his background of sacred music, is the extremely sensuous atmosphere of some of the songs. Handel's depiction of the 'soft hours' of Solomon and his queen was by no means unique; indeed, five years before Handel's *Solomon* Boyce had written a serenade of the same name, based on the *Song of Solomon*, which has few rivals for sheer

musical voluptuousness and can fairly be claimed as the composer's *chef d'œuvre*.

Arne was much more experienced than Boyce as a dramatic composer, and in the best of his small-scale stage works (like *Thomas and Sally* or *The Cooper*) he generally displays a rather lighter and surer touch. Possibly such works as these show him at his charming best. His two oratorios, *The Death of Abel* and *Judith*, were neither of them successes in his day; Burney remarks rather ambiguously that they were 'unfortunate', adding: 'And yet it would be unjust to say that they did not merit a better fate'. Their failure was partly due to inadequate performers and choruses much inferior to Handel's, but it also seems likely that the public, brought up on Handel's noble music (his most lightweight oratorio, *Susanna*, was one of the least successful), found Arne's galant idiom distasteful when applied to a sacred subject. The often sententious libretti may also have been partly to blame. A modern audience could well find *Judith* incongruous for similar reasons; but there is no reason why such songs as the brilliant *Adventurous, lo! I spread the sail* (for soprano), or the tenor's *No more the heathen shall blaspheme* (accompanied by only two 'cellos and continuo), which are to be broadcast, should be other than extremely effective.

One of Arne's most important works was his opera *Artaxerxes* (1762). The libretto was transcribed by the composer himself from Metastasio, and the music represents an attempt to set English words to Italian-style music. Such an endeavour was for obvious reasons unlikely to be entirely satisfactory, but since Arne, to quote Burney once again, 'crouded the airs, particularly the part of Mandane for Miss Brent, with all the Italian divisions and difficulties which had ever been heard at the opera', the work was naturally successful whenever good enough singers were at hand. Mandane's part was in fact for many years regarded as a testing-ground for aspiring young sopranos. The brilliant final aria, *The soldier tired of war's alarms* and the gently beautiful *Water parted from the sea*, are the only items remembered now, but the opera includes many other movements worth revival.

It would be foolish to claim too important a place in musical history for such figures as Boyce or Arne. But prejudices against music which seeks first to be tasteful and entertaining and only second to be emotionally expressive—prejudices now, perhaps, stronger than ever before—should not be allowed to blind us to the very real pleasure we can derive from such music.

Why Cats Purr

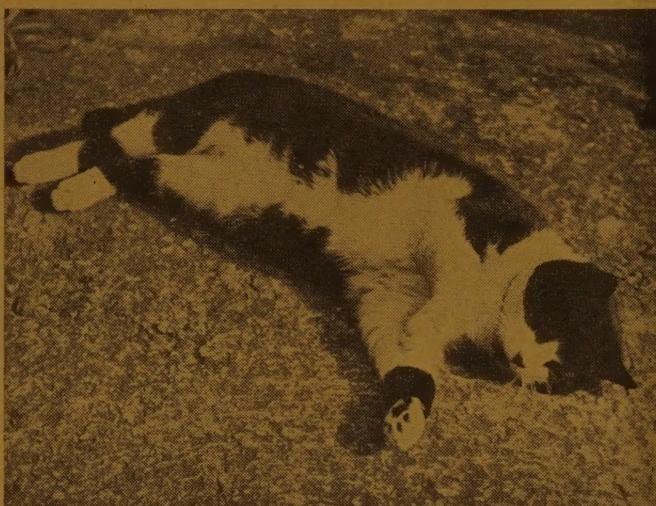
By F. R. BELL

ONE OF THE MOST common sounds associated with the cat is that of purring. This peculiar type of sound production is restricted almost exclusively to the domestic cat and other Felidae, and serves as a good example of the point that species of animals that are related through common ancestors often have similar sounds. A common pattern of vocalization can have a protective function for the tribe. This is certainly the case with birds like the finches, but the cry of the cat family does not appear to have any group function of protection.

Much speculation exists as to why cats purr. They purr simply because they have entered a certain emotional state: they are relaxed, and are without any form of apprehension, being at peace with the world around them. When a cat goes into this state, which usually means that he is comfortable and feeling safe or, more rarely, when anticipating food, he just cannot prevent himself purring. The act of purring is part of this state of relaxation: in purring the cat is radiating by means of sound its state of mind, in very much the same way that a happy person

frequently shows it by bursting into song.

Exactly how a cat produces the purr physically is less certain, though there is no doubt



Jane Burton

that the sound production is closely associated with the act of breathing. It is easy to detect a difference in the note of the purr with inspiration and with expiration. Sometimes the sound

is produced only when the air is leaving the chest, that is on expiration. Other animals usually use the force of expiration to produce their vocal efforts, although there are exceptions to this rule other than in purring. The donkey, for example, in producing his rather hideous bray uses both an inspiratory and an expiratory effort.

As far as I am aware, there has been no scientific investigation of how the cat purrs. It is likely that the movement of the air to and from the chest sets up a vibration of the vocal cords in the larynx, or voice box, but the soft palate may also be involved. Possibly the relaxed state of the cat allows the muscles which control the vocal cords to slacken, so that they can move in the stream of air to produce the purr. The sound made by the vibrations of these membranes is given resonance or timbre by the hollow cavities of the body, such as the chest, nose, and throat, rather in the way that the body of a violin or 'cello does to the note produced by the oscillating strings. Yet despite the similarity between snoring and purring, a cat does not purr when asleep.

—From a talk in Network Three

Expert Bidding Contest: Heat III

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



IN THE THIRD of the first-round heats of the expert bidding contest, broadcast on January 31, Mr. L. Dodds and Mr. K. Konstam met Mrs. R. Markus and Mr. J. Tarlo. Even in analysis it was difficult to find a good solution to the first problem.

Dealer East. Love All.

WEST	EAST
♠ J 10 4	♠ A K 8 6.
♥ A Q J 7 3	♥ K 9
♦ K 5	♦ 7 3
♣ Q 8 2	♣ A K 9 6 5

Both pairs scored five out of a possible ten with the following auctions:

WEST	EAST
(Dodds)	(Konstam)
—	1 C
1 H	1 S
2 NT	3 NT
No Bid	
WEST	EAST
(Mrs. Markus)	(Tarlo)
—	1 C
1 H	1 S
2 NT	3 H
4 H	No Bid

West's second bid of Two No Trumps, selected by both players, might seem an exaggerated under-bid. Both players regarded it as forcing, to the extent that partner required no

extra value to bid game, a view not shared by their partners. It was suggested by Franklin that had West's second bid been Three No Trumps, East could raise quantitatively to Four No Trumps and the bidding might proceed 5 C—5 H—6H, while Reese observed that an old-fashioned forcing response of Two Hearts by West would solve all problems. Six Hearts had been judged to be the best contract, fractionally better than Six No Trumps, played by West.

The second hand presented a no less difficult problem. Dealer West. Game All.

WEST	EAST
♠ A 7	♠ K J 5
♥ K J 8 4	♥ A 7 5 2
♦ 8 6 4 2	♦ A J 9 7 5
♣ A Q 6	♣ 9

Four Hearts was judged best, the problem being not to get higher, once a fit was discovered in both red suits. Three No Trumps and Five Diamonds were awarded seven points and Five Hearts, five. Mr. Dodds and Mr. Konstam scored five with the following auction:

WEST	EAST
1 H	3 H
3 S	4 D
4 H	4 S
5 C	5 H
No Bid	

In the CAB system which they were using,

the initial response of Three Hearts is game-forcing and requires partner to begin cue-bidding his aces at once. After Four Diamonds Mr. Dodds wisely decided that it would not be safe to show his second ace as he had not the values to commit the partnership to the five level. When he did subsequently bid Five Clubs Mr. Konstam realized that he might hold the ace, but that if he did there would be too many other weaknesses in his hand, and West's final pass was well judged. The five points they scored proved sufficient to see them through to the final, for their opponents showed less restraint in their auction which went:

WEST	EAST
1 H	3 D
3 NT	4 H
4 S	5 H
6 C	6 H
No Bid	

West began with a well-judged rebid of Three No Trumps, realizing the limitations imposed by her poor distribution—limitations of which she subsequently lost sight. Her final bid of Six Clubs was intended to leave the door open to a diamond contract, but since diamonds had not been supported it was interpreted by her partner as an effort to reach a grand slam in hearts. Six Diamonds would have received a small consolation: Six Hearts, although not impossible was heavily against the odds.

Making the Best Use of Salt

By MARGARET RYAN



SALT ATTRACTS MOISTURE and easily becomes caked. To overcome this nuisance, 'table' salt has had a very small amount of magnesium carbonate and calcium phosphate added to it. These coat the crystals and protect them from damp. This kind of table salt is produced by the most modern process in brine pumped up from underground salt wells. It comes in very fine and even crystals, polished by hand, and to this extent is the best salt because it is the cleanest. People sometimes use table salt for cooking, as it is not harmful but it is extravagant because it is more expensive, and it makes a cloudy, and a scummy, solution in water which may leave a deposit on food. Table salt is useless for preserving, because its moisture-repellent coating prevents the formation of a natural brine. Rock salt is most in demand for preserving because many people believe it is the purest form of salt. It is free from the addition of chemicals, but it is not the cleanest form of salt, because it is produced from brine by rather primitive methods of evaporation. Cooking salt also comes in powder form crushed at the factory before being packed, thus ensuring that scale and obvious foreign matter, which can be trapped in the large crystals, are detected and removed. This salt can be used for all kinds of cooking and preserving.

A fourth kind of salt: large crystals which can be used whole or ground in a salt-mill. There are several kinds of these, all evaporated from sea water. They are not obtainable everywhere, but large grocers, health stores, and foreign shopping districts often stock them. Do not confuse these crystals with pickling or dairy salt, or with the sea-salt on sale at chemists for use in baths, which are not really fit for eating. None of these kinds of salt is officially 'rock' salt, though that term is sometimes used to describe the large crystals. Rock salt is mined now in restricted quantities, and it is used only for cattle licks and for ice thawing.

Never keep salt in the path of rising steam in the kitchen but store it somewhere below the cooking level of the stove where it will be handy and keep dry. As for quantities, generally speaking a teaspoon of salt in a pint of water is a fair guide for cooking vegetables and so on, while a pinch to each half-pound of flour is right for cakes and pastry. Incidentally, a pinch of salt is generally held to be about a quarter of a teaspoon. In making bread, salt must be carefully measured according to the recipe, for too little salt spoils the taste, while too much retards the growth of yeast. I find a medicine glass a most helpful measure. Pleasant variety can be given to meals by using salt occasionally in unexpected

ways: for instance, try salt with fruit, especially pears and melons.—'Woman's Hour'

Notes on Contributors

DAVID THOMSON (page 201): Lecturer in History, Cambridge University, and Master of Sidney Sussex College; author of *Europe since Napoleon*, etc.

NORMAN MALCOLM (page 207): Professor of Philosophy, Cornell University; author of *Dreaming and Wittgenstein: a memoir*

RUSH RHEES (page 208): Lecturer in Philosophy, Swansea University; part editor of *Wittgenstein's Remarks on the Foundations of Mathematics* (1956)

FRANCIS HASKELL (page 209): Fellow of King's College, Cambridge University

A. G. LEHMANN (page 212): Professor of French, Reading University; author of *The Symbolist Aesthetic in France, 1885-1895*

SEWELL STOKES (page 222): author of *Isadore Duncan: An Intimate Portrait; Beyond His Means; Come to Prison*, etc.

F. R. BELL (page 242): Senior Lecturer in Physiology at the Royal Veterinary College, London

Crossword No. 1,549.

There is no moe such.

By Tyke

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, February 11. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final.

enty of the lights belong to a group: in these cases, the group does not usually contain any indication of the meaning of the light as a whole.

CLUES—ACROSS

Seven times Consul, he has swallowed a copper 25D (6, 8)
Suggests we are majestic (8)

14. For two shillings, an 'Introduction to Algebra' is included (7)
15. Eastern musical instrument akin to the 48A. (6)
17. Heads of City States are at home in Greek Letters (7)
19. Keep in mind a slight re-adjustment is needed for good viewing (6)
21. Walled town—a little smaller than many in Scotland (4)
22. Blue river? (4)
23. The huntress is about to fail (8)
25. Unaccompanied male and female—a dull state! (4)
26. Black river? (5)
28. Provincial blue-stocking? (5)
29. Unprofessional disorder in the upper part of the throat (8)
31. It takes wise men to produce old airs (5)
32. Sneak around trees (5)
35. = 46 (5)
36. Live with difficulty in a mud-hut (5)
39. Light buckler made of precious metal. (5)
42. Church has subtlety two-thirds to provide for an ecclesiastical garment (8)
46. = 35 (for clarity, personal magnetism is needed) (5)
48. Five discordant, unaccompanied pieces for stringed instruments (5)
49. Was no hero. Oh, no! (4)
50. It is missing from the first half of a classical poem about soldiers (8)
53. Linden Leash (4)
56. Most eating-houses will supply this aid to infant jurgitation (4)
57. Sandpiper that is a grayish-brown variant of 45 (6)
58. Hero has unusual affectation of superiority and unusual headpiece (7)
59. Could give a wayward poet a touch of delirium tremens (6)
61. . . . and, with hair dishevelled, . . . (7)
62. . . . retrospectively, one can see him set about the start of a new life (8)
63. State of being at rest in the theatre? (14)

DOWN

1. Non-plussed, so to speak, about a smashed car (8)
2. One-time lepidopterist (8)
3. Conceited youngster is only half a painter (3)
4. Bird sounding like a killer (3)
5. Might he have said, frenziedly: 'A bas, le Gaul?' (10)
6. Places in a distorted ring (4)
7. I, a gentleman? No, the reverse—a lady (4)

Solution of No. 1,547

X	3	7	6	5	2
3	5	9	4	7	1
5	1	4	1	3	6
1	8	7	3	6	8
8	6	1	2	4	9
6	X	2	5	1	4

NOTES

The base is given in parenthesis.

Across: A $\frac{2}{3}$ (9), B $\frac{2}{3}$ (8), C $\frac{2}{3}$ (9), D $\frac{2}{3}$ (11), E $\frac{2}{3}$ (7), F (rev) $\frac{2}{3}$ (8), G (rev) $\frac{2}{3}$ (9), H $\frac{2}{3}$ (11), J $\frac{2}{3}$ (9)

Down: a $\frac{2}{3}$ (12), b $\frac{2}{3}$ (12), c $\frac{2}{3}$ (11), d (rev) $\frac{2}{3}$ (8), e (rev) $\frac{2}{3}$ (11), f (rev) $\frac{2}{3}$ (8), g $\frac{2}{3}$ (9), h $\frac{2}{3}$ (8)

1st prize: Dr. J. Grindley (Goring Heath); 2nd prize: G. Alan Myers (Manchester); 3rd prize: R. P. Bolton (Birkenhead).

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